The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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LATEST WAR NEWS.

THE YEOMANRY'S BAPTISM OF FIRE AT TWEIFONTEIN.

They Surrounded a Commando, and Defeated the Force Under Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil, who was Killed in Action.

The Mirror of Life

A Graphic Illustration of the Sporting Events of the Week

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1900.

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All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "The Mirror of Life," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. Lyons (Richmond Barracks, Dublin).—Terry McGovern knocked out "Pedlar" Palmer in the first round: time, 2min 32sec.

G. Powell (Silvertown).—Ernie Stanton was born on September 26, 1875, at Stratford, Essex.

George Flood (Star Hotel, East Cowes, Isle of Wight).—1. Already supplied. 2. North Woolwich is situated in Essex County.

The Kind Man (Glasgow).—John L. Sullivan was champion of America, not of the world.

W. F.—Black Fury, with Lapal runner-up.

A. Allen.—1. Any costume. 2. One mile handicap.

T. Hicks. — 1. Yes; Bloemfontein is the capital. 2. The population of the Orange Free State is just over 207,500.

F. Butler. — George Dixon, the coloured feather-weight, has retired.

A. Cox. — 1. At Newcastle-on-Tyne. 2. In twenty rounds.

T. Tower.—Jack Broughton; about 1740.

R. Hopper.—W. J. Sturgess, 11 miles, in 1hr 25min 53 2-5sec.

C. White.—Two judges and a referee for competitions, but referee only for the contests.

J. L.—1. They are brothers. 2. Sir Joseph Hawley.

R. W. L.—He rode behind a train with wind shields on either side.

Thomas Lansdown.—We should be pleased to receive photos.

G. Y. (Stirchley).—Pat Perry, of London, late of Birmingham.

T. H. B. (Neath).—We do not know Sam Watson, but a trainer, Bill Watson, can be communicated with by addressing letter to Sam Brown, Derby Arms, East Sheen, Mortlake, near London.

Pop.—"Dido" Plumb in his first contest at Newmarket defeated Patsy Perkins, of South Wales, Ned Ryan twice, Arthur Morris twice, Jem Benham, Barney Lambert, and will be in the ring there on the Two Thousand Guineas night.

H. T. Prince.—W. Perkins at Lillie Bridge walked twenty miles in 2hr 39min 57sec.

A. Woburn.—Uncle Mac with 7st 7lb.

Chas. West.—1. Isinglass won the most money in stakes, £57,455. 2. Flying Fox, £40,096.

K. F.—They weigh at the ringside on the night of the competition.

Orlando.—4 miles 136 yards from Charing Cross.

W. Winston.—A wins.

C. H. Perfect.—At the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

M. R.—1. Not a handicap. 2. A tournament.

A. A.—The record has several times been altered recently.

T. W. Arncliffe.—Too heavy for the competition.

C. Rink.—S. Loates, O. Madden, and M. Cannon.

M. O. S.—3st 7lb in 1844, when he won the Chester Cup on Red Deer.

E. Bevil.—L. E. Myers covered 700yd in 1min 31sec.

T. Riland.—No, not in England.

F. G.—His weight is 8st 6lb, height 5ft 4¼in.

A. Roper.—In the tenth round.

X. (Shorncliffe).—1. He was not knocked out. 2. The referee stopped the contest.

D. Verdun.—Fifteen rounds of three minutes a round or twenty of two minutes.

L. M. N.—1. James Kelly and Jonathan Smith, 6hr 15min. 2. At Melbourne.

R. C.—A letter addressed care of The Mirror of Life will find him.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

JEM JEFFRIES v. JEM CORBETT AND "KID" McCOY.

WHAT IS THE MATTER IN THE WHITE v. CURLEY MATCH?

DAVE SULLIVAN'S REMOTE CHANCE WITH TERRY McGOVERN.

So many alterations have taken place in the dates of the Jeffries v. Corbett contest that we began to consider the stories in connection with the seriousness of this match as so many fairy tales. We thought a match with Jem Corbett on form was a gift for Jem Jeffries, but the boundless ambition which does overleap itself is shown in "Kid" McCoy challenging the winner. Now this challenge on behalf of McCoy most sensible persons will consider the quintessence of cheek. McCoy, with all his new inventions in the art of pugilistic warfare, was unable to stop the unscientific rushes of Tom Sharkey. The "Kid," in spite of his length of arm and improved scientific attainments, found himself physically unable to stall off the rushes of such a get-in-at-any-cost fighter like Tom Sharkey. McCoy is not built to stand a wear-and-tear fight, and just when it looked like Sharkey knocking under to the scientific "Kid," McCoy had shot his bolt, and the man who was said to have as many pugilistic moves as Proteus was said to have shapes, he went down in the sixth round to the rough and burly sailor. In spite of this defeat, however, the "Kid's" modest confidence in himself is unbounded. Should Jeffries win in a contest with Jem Corbett, a victory about which there appears to us little doubt, the "Kid" will challenge the man who so unmistakably defeated his conqueror. Can modest confidence go further? Instead of treating McCoy's challenge as a joke, Brady, the manager of Jeffries, looks upon it in all seriousness, and immediately deposits a cheque for 2,500dols, and calls upon the "Kid" to cover it. We should not be surprised if the "Kid" considered this a little game of poker, and, depositing in his turn a cheque for 10,000dols or some other such large amount, called on Brady to cover it. Jem Jeffries, instead of being tickled at the comicality of the situation, treats it as though it was good business, and offers to fight McCoy a week after his contest with Corbett Brady, Jeffries's manager, is not a whit behind Jeff in his monetary defi. to Messrs. Corbett and McCoy. Again does the cheque-book flash out from the inner recesses of the manager's breastpocket, and the stupendous wager of 10,000dols is laid that Jeffries knocks out both McCoy and Jem Corbett whenever they meet within the roped enclosure. Is this betting like the jolly in the old days at the fair? Is it intended to bring the public in their thousands to see a contest where the knock-out is not barred, and where the two pugilistic aspirants for the honour of a go with Jem Jeffries are to be stretched out insensible, or the big wager of 10,000dols is to become forfeit money?

Jem Jeffries should remember the time when he undertook to knock out two third-raters, one after the other, and how, injuring his hands against the skull of a big buck nigger, he had to relinquish the task and give the second man, O'Donnell, a walk-over. It is the most difficult thing in the world to knock a man out who has studied how to avoid it. It is a treat to witness a truly scientific man get out of a difficulty. Jem Jeffries is not a Jem Mace. There must be readers of The Mirror of Life still alive who remember Jem's contest with Joe Goss in the famous sixteen-feet ring. Joe Goss was quite as clever as Jem Jeffries, but Jem Mace was at that time a past master in the art. When Joe found what a big mistake he had made by taking on the old'un (Jem was called an old'un thirty-five years ago), Joe Goss tried by every available means to elude the elastic Jem, and then occurred one of the most superb bits of fighting on record. Gradually weaving Joe Goss into a corner, Joe tried to escape, but Mace being a grand two-handed fighter, when Goss dodged to the right Mace met him, and when Goss dodged to the left Mace met him, so eventually Mace brought Joe down with the left in the corner in which Jem had weaved him, and Goss lay like a felled tree without sense or motion. Such a superb bit of fighting as this is only seen once in a lifetime, and only a man like Jem Mace, with his eyes set in his head like those of a cat, could accomplish it. From what we saw of Jem Jeffries's fighting powers in the presentment at the Aquarium he would never be able to accomplish a fistic feat like that we have above enumerated, so we think the chances are much in favour as far as the knock-out is concerned of "Kid" McCoy and Jem Corbett. We are making these remarks on the supposition that the men may meet. We know before a modern championship contest is fought the aspirants for championship honours must do a lot of fighting in the papers. Modern champions do not wish to take the bread out of the mouths of "the brilliant young journalists" of the present day who buzz round the idol of the hour, like flies on a summer's day round a sugar tub, and beseech the idol to give them a few scraps of information for the benefit of their paper, as though like a tramp they were begging for a few scraps of food. It took nearly two years to bring Jem Corbett and Fitzsimmons together. If affairs between Jem Jeffries and Jem Corbett and McCoy do not move a little faster they may emulate the doings of Mike Donovan and Jem Mace and meet each other in the sweet bye and bye.

Oh "Hammer" Lane! Oh "Hammer" Lane!
Thy courage and thy skill,
Shall Birmingham's renown sustain,
And keep the vic'ry still!

This was the song sung of "Hammer" Lane when Birmingham was the home of fight, and the Birmingham fighter had defeated the best of the London division. We are afraid the sports of the "hardware village" will not find a laureate of the ring to sing the deeds of Jabez White. We must be either decreasing in physical power or increasing in cunning, but we rather think it is the former. One round contests in the days of old were few and far between. Whereas in these enlightened days boxing promoters are at their wits' end to know how long two well-trained men eating of the best and trained to the hour will go; and at an extra expense they have to provide extra boxing talent to be in readiness in case one of these well-trained and self-satisfied boxers should go under early in the contest. The school board has taught the youth of the present day how to calculate, and we can quite understand a boxer going down in the first round and remaining on the boards when he gets half the stakes, win or lose, and who has sold his rights in other eventualities. What we cannot understand is how so-called scientific boxers, medically examined as to their fitness before boxing, go down in the first round from a punch which should be an impossibility to get home on a really scientific man. The reason is not far to seek. Boxing has now so deteriorated that how to damage an opponent in the foulest possible manner seems to be the first principle of modern boxing. We have seen one boxer with his glove on another boxer's face pressing up his nostrils, and doing many other cunning tricks which should merit disqualification, but which passes unnoticed by the referee. Honest boxers will bear us out in this. The donors of the purse, so we read, suspecting that Mr. Arrangement had more to do with the abrupt termination of the contest than the knock, are not satisfied with the result, and have determined to withhold their contributions to the amount at issue. It seems very funny that Jabez White is reported to have said he was down to weight a week before the fight and never felt better in his life. Now, after the contest is over, he tells the interviewer he was unwell, that he fought at too low a weight, and other things which boxers always find out when they lose. There was a lot of money invested, and should there be anything fishy about the business all bets will be called off.

So we are not to have Terry McGovern with us this season, after all. Dave Sullivan would have to be born again to make a match with Terry McGovern on even terms. The lad who was incapable of extending "Pedlar" Palmer, and suffered defeat at the ex-bantam champion's hands, surely cannot hope to have a chance on the level with one who defeated his conqueror, "Pedlar" Palmer, in one round. New York advices state that McGovern and Sullivan were to have met last week to try and arrange a match. Sullivan stood out for a meeting at 124lb. McGovern conceded this, but this concession failed to bring Sullivan up to the scratch. Persons who arrange such matches as the above must know little about the boxing business or they would never attempt to put champions and third raters together. That Dave Sullivan is but a third rater is proved by Terry McGovern easily defeating Dave's conqueror, "Pedlar" Palmer. It amounts to the same kind of biz as putting Jem Corbett against Jem Jeffries.

A JEWELLER OF AMSTERDAM VICTIMISED BY A GANG OF THIEVES,

Who Decamp with over Two Thousand Pounds worth of Jewels.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A clever ruse was practised upon a jeweller in Amsterdam last week. Having been requested to supply some very costly articles valued at several thousand pounds, for security he, instead of sending his assistant, took them himself. The gentleman, after inspecting the articles, chose several very valuable ones, and placed them in a drawer which appeared all right; but this was not so, the drawer was in communication with the next room, where a couple of confederates quickly abstracted the jewels from their cases and placed counterfeit articles in their places. After further conversation the supposed wealthy gentleman reconsidered his bargaining and handed the jeweller his valuables back. The spurious jewellery was not detected until some hours afterwards, when the thieves had decamped.

A HORRIBLE MURDER DISCOVERED BY SCHOOLBOYS.

The Head and Feet of the Body Found in a Sack.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Three small youths about thirteen years of age were playing near the grounds of the Paris Exhibition, when curiosity led them to inspect a sack which was hidden in a large water-pipe. With a knife the eldest lad cut the fastenings, when to their horror a man's head rolled at their feet. The authorities soon had news of the affair, and a man named Francois Blaupain is supposed to be the murdered man. Several parts of the body are missing, notably the left hand, which, if it is the man supposed, could be easily identified, he having only three fingers on the left, and forefinger off the right. The man is supposed to have met with his death about four days ago, so that his murderer has had plenty of time to escape.

DAVE WALLACE,

Of Holloway, who Met Harry Tongue, of Birmingham, in a Contest at the Manchester Gymnastic Club on Monday Evening, April 16.

(With Portrait.)

Dave Wallace, who is a favourite of Holloway, has been before the public now for some years, and his record is an interesting one. Beaten by Charley Gibbs, of Islington, with skin gloves; beat Ted Mortimer at the National; beaten by Charley Taylor at Newmarket; beat Charley Ingram, of Woolwich; beat Mike McGough, of Woolwich; beaten by Fred Johnson; beat Goody York at the National in 11rds; beat Alf Wright, of Plymouth, in 19rds; knocked out by Jabez White, 8rds; knocked out by Joe Bernstein at New York in 1rd; met Harry Tongue, April 16, and knocked him out in 6rds.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for Frank Craig, Samuel E. Craig, "Greek" George, Bobby Dobbs, Frank Leon (two), R. H. Page, Charles Mitchell, Dick Burge, J. E. Donegan, P. J. King, P. Gorman, George Slark, Angus Griffo, John F. White (three), Bob Fitzsimmons (three), Ernie Greaves, John Manibusan, Billy Plimmer, C. McCoy, Driver Pinches, J. Eden, H. Chance Newton, J. Corbett, Claude Thompson, Jem Hall, George Fox Giles, Ted Wakeham, Jem Holloway, G. J. Smink, Tommy Hogan, E. Pritchard, Billy Ross, Mr. Frank Kempton, and Bert Smith (Irish Count).

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

Among the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—Jack Hicks ("The old war horse"), Jem Barry (St. James's), Bill Goode ("Chesterfield"), G. Dunney, Barney Sheppard, "Jolly Jumbo," H. Clark, W. Webster, Tommy Hogan, H. P. Ventris, Miss M. Howard, and T. Lister.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

WEPENER RELIEVED.

BOERS RETREATING CLOSE TO THE BASUTOS' BORDER.

THE BOERS LIKELY TO BE TRAPPED.

A TELEGRAM yesterday from Bloemfontein states that the Boers have abandoned their attack on Wepener, and trekked from the vicinity, evidently afraid of our pending movements. Rouxville is also clear of the enemy. The majority of them have undoubtedly retired north, except a body of about 6,000, who are still reported going towards Bethulie. The Boers are described as in full retreat from Wepener. It is to be feared that their line of march will not bring them within striking distance from Bloemfontein. In their anxiety to escape they are hugging the Basutoland border as closely as possible, and will probably pass east of Ladybrand. The Basutos are marching parallel with them along the frontier, and watching eagerly for even the slightest encroachment. The Boers are trekking north, leaving only parties, which are estimated at from 6,000 to 8,000, to the south-east of Bloemfontein.

MAFEKING, APRIL 6.

BOMBARDMENT RESUMED — FIVE GUNS DIRECTED ON WEST OF GARRISON.

News from Mafeking is to hand as late as April 6. Under that date it states that Snyman has returned to the laager, and the bombardment has been resumed, five guns being directed against our western defences. Daniel Botha, now acting as commandant, is well known in Mafeking, with which town he has maintained close relationship for many years. He has sent messages of cordiality and amity to Major Goold-Adams and other leading inhabitants. Flags of truce are returning to our lines after arranging pourparlers. Botha deprecates the war, and opposes, where possible, the unnecessary and unjustifiable bombardment of the town by heavy artillery, pointing out that retribution will overtake the Boer forces. The pinch of hunger is beginning to be felt. Since Colonel Plumer's demonstration on March 31 there has been no shelling until to-day, the reason being that General Snyman left on April 2 with a considerable force of burghers with guns to bar the road of the relief column from the north. Some of the Boers are disposed to be very conciliatory, and are sending messages of goodwill to Englishmen in the town formerly their friends. The enemy appear to think that 175 days' bombardment should make no difference.

ARE THE BOERS TRAPPED?

THEIR FORCES ARE SAID TO BE SADLY DIMINISHED.

Telegraphing from Bethanie on Sunday it is asserted that the Boers, who hold a number of British prisoners, are unable to make their way north, all the elevated portion of the country between Bethanie and the advance line of the enemy being strongly held by our troops. Referring to the Boer retreat from their positions in the south, the *Times* correspondent at Bloemfontein, under Monday's date, states that the last reports of the proposals of the republican delegates which have reached there confirm the impression that the power of the enemy is on the decrease. The attempt to cut the line has been completely foiled, and the conditions are now such that a large force can be concentrated at any point with great rapidity.

THE RELIEF COLUMN.

ENEMY SEEN IN FULL RETREAT.

General Chermside's Division marched into Marsboutfontein on Saturday from Reddersburg, and came in sight of the Boers at eleven o'clock in the morning. The enemy retired rapidly over the hills towards the south-east. On Friday night a party of Boers camped within four miles of Reddersburg. Their camp fires were still burning when our troops reached the spot yesterday morning.

General Rundle's Division is now at Reddersburg. Fourteen miles east of Reddersburg the enemy at the time the message was sent off appeared to be in strong force, and were evidently not desirous of giving battle at present. They were falling back in front of our advance guard to the south-east.

BILL RADLEY, OF BETHNAL GREEN, to Harry Connell, of King's Cross.—Radley would like to box Connell ten rounds if any boxing promoter will give a suitable purse worth boxing for. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

ALF PRINCE, HEARING SO MUCH of Brown's boxing abilities, would be pleased to box him ten or twenty rounds, for £25 or £50 a-side. A deposit at THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be immediately covered. An early answer will oblige.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, April 7, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

"THEY are all afraid of Fitzsimmons, and, to tell the truth, I would rather fight ten Sharkeys, a dozen Corbetts, and all the McCoys you could bring before me than fight Fitz again." This was the assertion made by Champion James J. Jeffries. Jeffries was asked what he thought was the trouble with Fitzsimmons, and why the Cornishman could not get on any matches that could be made to stick. He said: "McCoy knows in his heart that he cannot beat Fitzsimmons. Sharkey would as soon be dropped into a bear pit. I will not say about Ruhlin, but I guess the big fellow would take a chance, for he has never felt the might of that freckled fist of Bob's. I am satisfied none of them care a bit about Fitzsimmons's game. They do not think they can beat him, and have a fear that he may wind them up in a hurry as he can do. Fitzsimmons is one of the greatest judges of distance I ever knew. He can get away from a punch by the narrowest margin, always keep himself in hitting range; and, best of all, can hit from almost any position. I must take off my hat to him. He is far and away the best man I ever fought. You may have heard that before from a victorious man, but I mean it in this case, and I am not head over heels in love with him personally at that." Tom Sharkey, "Kid" McCoy, and Jem Corbett are a bit sore over Champion Jeffries's assertion that all the heavy-weights are afraid to tackle Bob Fitzsimmons. They don't like it for a cent, and roast "Jeff" for having made it. They say he's all wrong. Last night I interviewed the big fellows on Jeffries's statement, with this result. "Kid" McCoy: "Jeffries should have never made such a statement, for what he says is a lie out and out. I am not afraid to fight Fitzsimmons or anyone else, and to prove that I am sincere in what I say I offered to fight him for the middle-weight championship of the world when we made our recent match. As everyone knows, Fitz refused to box me for the title, claiming he wanted to fight at catch-weights. Just to prove that Jeffries is lying when he says I am afraid to box Fitzsimmons, I will make a match with Fitz immediately after my fight with Tom Sharkey." Tom Sharkey: "What right has Jeffries to say that I am afraid to fight Fitzsimmons? While I would sooner fight Jeffries than any other fighter, I, nevertheless, would not hesitate to fight Fitzsimmons if he would meet me, as I think I can beat him in as quick time as it took me to get the decision over him in San Francisco. If "Fitz" will agree to fight me at some other club than the Westchester Athletic Club I will make a match with him at a moment's notice. Remember, I will fight Fitzsimmons after I tackle McCoy, providing, of course, Jeffries refuses to fight me." Jim Corbett: "Jeffries doesn't know what he is talking about when he says that I, as well as the other heavy-weights, am afraid to fight Fitzsimmons. Everyone knows that I have been trying in every possible way to get Fitzsimmons to fight me, and even have gone so far as to offer him $35,000 to give me a return fight. I have been hounding and chasing him for over three years, but he has never offered to meet me again. Now you see how much I am afraid to fight Fitz. Jeffries's statement, so far as I am concerned, is a lie." Fitzsimmons was all smiles when I saw him. He said: "I think Jeffries's statement is a truthful one, and not a bit exaggerated. I am very thankful to Mr. Jeffries for his kindness toward me, and, furthermore, for not being afraid to tell the truth. The fact of the matter is, Sharkey and McCoy are afraid of me. In regard to Corbett. I won't fight him unless he should happen to beat Jeffries when they fight." Bob Fitzsimmons has at last found a heavy-weight who evidently has no fear of the former champion's solar plexus delivery. Gus Ruhlin, the young Akron giant, who, under the management of Billy Madden, has been steadily advancing to the top of the pugilistic ladder, met the Cornishman yesterday, and, after the usual formalities that accompany an important fight, signed articles for a limited-round bout. Ruhlin did more than affix his signature to the agreement as a guarantee of his good faith. He deposited a cheque for $1,000; that meant he would live up to the signed agreement, or forfeit the money. The bout will take place in the arena of the Westchester Athletic Club, at Tuckahoe, on the afternoon of June 25. Twenty-five rounds will be the limit, and George Siler, the well-known referee, will officiate. The fighters lost little time in arranging details. They met by appointment at two o'clock, and twenty minutes later had everything arranged satisfactorily. Fitzsimmons had a set of articles prepared for the meeting, and, with but one or two exceptions, the agreement was accepted by Ruhlin. The Westchester Club, represented by Martin Julian, offered 67 per cent. of the gross receipts and the same amount of the picture privilege. This was the best offer—in fact, the only one—and it was accepted by both parties. The winner of the fight will receive 75 per cent. of the fighters' share and the loser 25 per cent. George Siler was Fitzsimmons's choice as referee, and as Madden and Ruhlin had no objection to offer against the Westerner he was selected to decide on the merits of the men. The fighters concluded their conference by posting $1,000 each with Dave Holland, the final stakeholder.

William A. Brady, manager of James J. Jeffries, left for Detroit on Wednesday, where the heavy-weight is to have a short bout with a "stiff" called Finnegan before coming to New York. Before he took the train Brady met Fitzsimmons, and they verbally agreed upon a return match between the champion and the man he conquered last spring at the Coney Island Club. The bout will take place at the Westchester Club next July. It will be of twenty-five rounds, and will, of course, be fought by daylight. Pictures of the encounter will be taken, and the pugilists will share a percentage of the proceeds. Brady had not time to arrange all the details with Fitzsimmons, but everything will be settled and the articles signed as soon as he returns from Detroit.

"Kid" McCoy yesterday signed articles for two fights. His first encounter will be with Dan Creedon of Australia, and the battle will be decided at the Broadway A.C. on May 18. It will be for twenty-five rounds at catch-weights. The "Kid's" other bout will be with Jack Bonner and will come off at Philadelphia in about two weeks. It will be for six rounds. After these encounters McCoy will settle down to hard work for his fight with Tom Sharkey. McCoy and Creedon are to fight for 50 per cent. of the gate receipts. Creedon has also agreed to tackle Joe Walcott at Milwaukee in June. They have received a guarantee of a purse of 1,000dols.

Matty Matthews and Charley McKeever met in a six-round wind-up at the Industrial Hall, Philadelphia, last night. They made a merry mill of it, fighting for keeps every inch of the way. In the second round Matthews opened an old cut over McKeever's eye, and the latter retaliated by rushing his opponent through the ropes. It was a case of biff, bang, boom from that on to the finish, with very little to choose between the men at the close. If the decision had been drawn fine, however, McKeever deserved it on account of his aggressiveness.

Joe Gans, the coloured light-weight pugilist, will be married next Sunday to Miss Madge Watson, of Cincinnati. The ceremony will be celebrated at 223, West Fortieth Street, this city. Miss Watson is an actress.

At San Francisco, on Monday, Alfred Plaw, of the University of California, smashed all amateur college records for the sixteen-pound hammer throw, sending the missile 158ft. 6in.

THE TATTLER.

THE EGG AN EASTER GIFT.

An Offering of Peace and Love at Eastertide.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ALL throughout the Christian lands Easter is kept, and it being a religious festival the Church comes in for a few good presents. In earlier days the Saxon goddess, Eostra, held a festival in April, and at the present day gifts of eggs, coloured, plain, real, and sham, eggs containing sweets, eggs which contain little love messages pass between the loving couples at Eastertide. The young lady just escaping from egg captivity in our illustration finds lovers galore.

MADELINE KILPATRICK,

The Most Beautiful as well as the Most Accomplished of all Lady Trick Bicycle Riders.

(With Portrait.)

MADELINE KILPATRICK, the wife of the great Charley Kilpatrick, the well-known one-legged rider, is now at the Alhambra, Leicester Square. She and W. H. Barber, the greatest of American trick riders, are nightly appearing in an act that is receiving tremendous applause. Madeline is known to be the cleverest lady rider in the world, and has scored hundreds of successes. Everyone should go and see this incomparable turn at the Alhambra.

MISS MILLY MARCHANT.

A Young and Pretty Vocalist who is Winning Praise by her Clever Representations.

(With Portrait.)

MISS MILLY MARCHANT is not yet out of her teens, but there appears to be a fair future before this clever girl. The qualities of her voice were noticed when a mere child, and by assiduous study she has developed a fine contralto, and her lively, imaginative rendering of songs in character calls forth loud praise from her admirers.

LOST AND FOUND.

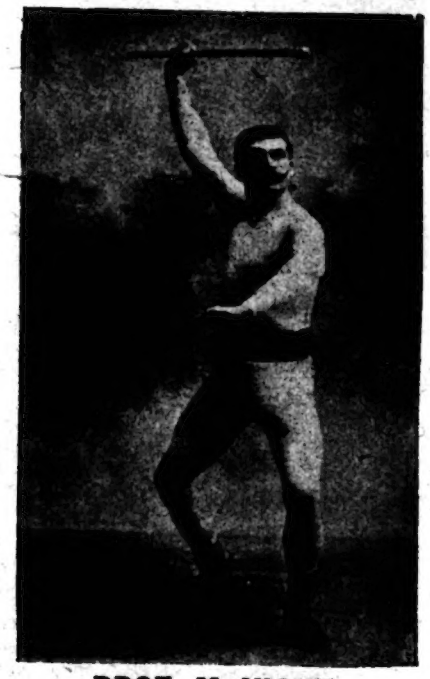
"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible, and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm!" There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

DAVE WALLACE,

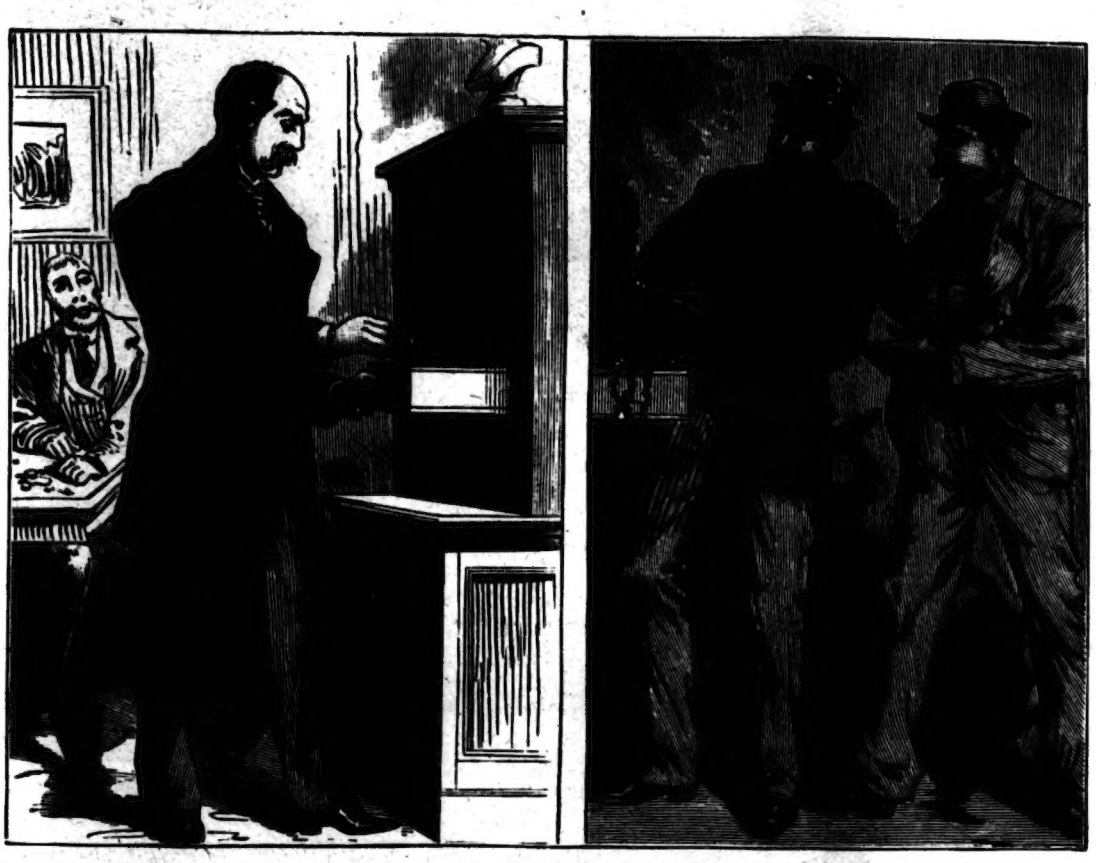
Of Holloway, who Met Harry Tongue, of Birmingham, in a Contest at the Manchester Gymnastic Club on Monday Evening, April 16.

A. J. FRANCIS,
Who Met Arthur Callan at Manchester, April 17.

ARTHUR CALLAN,
Who Met A. J. Francis at Manchester, April 17.



PROF. M. VIGNY,
In his Celebrated French Walking-Stick Display at the Bartitza Club.



A JEWELLER OF AMSTERDAM VICTIMISED BY A GANG OF THIEVES,
Who Decamp with Over Two Thousand Pounds Worth of Jewels.

A HORRIBLE MURDER DISCOVERED BY SCHOOLBOYS.
The Head and Part of the Body Found in a Sack.

GOLIATH'S NOVICE.
A Pocket Herculee who Stands Only 4ft 11in.

JACK HARE,
Of Plaistow, who Recently Defeated Jemmie Darrell in Six Rounds at Durban, Natal.

GOOD FRIDAY SPORTS.

CATFORD CYCLING CLUB.—About 2,500 persons witnessed an interesting afternoon's sport at Catford, when the ground club held their Good Friday meeting. In the Two Miles Tandem Handicap the champions, A. S. Ingram and R. Janson, started from scratch in the first heat, and were defeated by S. Holloway and W. A. C. Banter, the Midlanders, whose start was 55 yards, by quite 100 yards. The Birmingham men, after leading nearly all the way, were beaten in the home straight in the final by P. R. Rome and W. C. King. The Five Miles Scratch Race produced a good finish. H. S. Chambers shot out half a lap from home, and although hard-pressed by Holloway and Payne, scored a popular victory. The Half Mile Novices' Handicap was won by J. Arthur with five yards start. A. B. Stark (Herne Hill Harriers), who had 140 yards start, won the Mile Flat Handicap, and A. L. Reed, Queen's C.C., 16 yards start, was first in the Mile Cycle Handicap.

J. T. HULL'S GOOD FRIDAY HANDIcaps.—A professional meeting was held at Nunhead. The best performance of the day was the win of Leonard Hurst, the twenty miles champion and holder of the world's record for sixteen and seventeen miles, from the virtual scratch mark of 30 yards in the four miles handicap. Results:—150 Yards Handicap.—J. Burchell, 15yds start, 1; H. Barr, 18, 2; B. Tye, 17, 3. One Mile Handicap.—A. W. Watson, 175yds start, 1; H. Whittock, 170, 2; F. W. Hopkins, 105, 3. 300 Yards Handicap.—P. Carter, 32yds start, 1; J. Smith, 30, 2; H. Ward, 25, 3. Four Miles Handicap.—Leonard Hurst, 30yds start, 1; G. Matthews, 330, 2; J. T. Watson, 350, 3; A. Griffin, 145, 4; E. Shepherd, Higham, 90, 5.

HAIRDRESSERS' CYCLING AND A.C.—These annual sports were held at the Putney Velodrome before 6,000 spectators. W. T. J. Hughes (Finchley Harriers) won the 100 Yards Open Handicap from the eight yards mark, B. G. Carpenter (Belgrave Harriers) with the same start being second. T. B. Hedges (Putney A.C.) was first in the Half-Mile Cycle Handicap with 60yds start, A. E. Wills (Putney A.C.), 40yds start, being second. In the Mile Open Handicap, S. C. King (Finchley Harriers), 100yds start, was first, and H. Cook (Polytechnic Harriers), 150yds, second. F. T. Lickford (Putney A.C.), 150yds, proved successful in the One Mile Cycling Handicap, C. T. Woodman (Abingdon C.C.), 170yds, being second. The Two Miles Open Handicap fell to J. E. Smith (St. Bride's Institute A.C.), 160yds, the second man being J. Binks (Unity A.C.), 115yds.

CYCLING SPORTS.—FULLY 9,000 spectators attended this meeting, at the North London Track, Wood Green. The programme contained trick riding and a costume scramble, but the greater part of the serious racing was very exciting, the one hour race, for which prizes to the value of nearly £100 were offered, being particularly good. The principal events resulted as follows: Ten Miles International Scratch Race (professional) unpaced.—Heat 1: S. Jenkins (Catford C.C., Cardiff), 1; J. Green (Newcastle C.C.), 2; H. B. Howard (Wood Green), 3. Time, 25min 52 4-5sec. Heat 2: T. J. Gascoyne (Wigan), 1; J. Camp (Polytechnic C.C.), 2; J. Callaghan (Polytechnic C.C.), 3. Time, 27min 21 3-5sec. The final heat was decided on Easter Monday. One Hour Motor-Paced Race.—T. Linton (Paris), 1 (distance, 30 miles 1,335yd); J. Platt-Betts (Catford C.C.), 2 (distance, 30 miles 1,275yd); A. A. Chase (Wood Green), 3. Half-Mile Amateur Handicap.—Final heat: H. S. Knowles (Essex and Middlesex Union), (80yd start), 1; E. King (Polytechnic C.C.), 2; H. E. Browne (Northampton Institute) (90yd), 3. Time, 59sec. Half-Mile Professional Handicap.—T. J. Gascoyne (Wigan) (scratch), 1; J. Camp (Polytechnic C.C.) (30yd start), 2; H. B. Howard (Wood Green) (40yd), 3. Time, 58 4-5sec. One Mile Amateur Handicap.—C. B. Haysom (Polytechnic C.C.) (120yd), 1; W. Cavill (Pegasus C.C.) (110yd), 2; H. S. Knowles (Essex and Middlesex Union) (130yd), 3. Time, 2min 14sec. Five Miles Motor-Cycle Races.—Tricycles: R. Moffatt Ford, 1; C. Buck, 2; F. F. Wellington, 3. Time, 8min 39 3-5sec. Tandem Bicycles: E. James and W. J. Bamley, 1; T. E. Newman and F. W. Chase, 2. Time, 8min 29 4-5sec. The second day's racing at this Easter meeting attracted about 4,000 spectators to Wood Green track. The principal events resulted as follows:—One Mile Tandem Pursuit Race.—J. Camp and H. B. Howard beat T. J. Gascoyne and S. Jenkins by ten yards. Time, 2min 2-5sec. One Mile Walking Match.—G. J. Robbins (twelve years of age), 350yd start, beat D. Fenton, scratch, by 50yd. Time, 7min. Fenton's time, 7min 14 1-5sec. One Mile Amateur Cycle Handicap.—Final Heat: E. Klug (Polytechnic C.C.), 150yd, 1; C. W. Heashell (Weasle C.C.), 50, 2; W. Pointer (Wood Green C.C), 80, 3. Won by a wheel; the same distance between next two. Time, 2min. 50 2-5sec. One Mile Professional Cycle Handicap.—Final Heat: J. Camp (Polytechnic C.C.), 50yd, 1; H. Reynolds (Dublin Wanderers), 130, 2; H. B. Howard (Wood Green C.C.), 70, 3. Won by a length; four yards dividing second and third. Time, 2min. 11 4-5sec. Quarter-mile Professional Cycle Handicap.—Final heat: H. Reynolds (Dublin Wanderers), 40yd, 1; W. T. Hall (Polytechnic C.C.), 30, 2; T. J. Gascoyne (Wigan), scratch, 3. Won by 10 yards; Gascoyne another 6 yards away. Time, 30sec. Half-mile Amateur Cycle Handicap. — Final heat: E. Klug (Polytechnic C.C.), 80yds, 1; W. Pointer (Wood Green C.C.), 50, 2; H. S. Knowles (Essex and Middlesex Union), 80, 3. Half a yard covered the three. Time, 1min 3 1-5sec. One Mile Match.—T. J. Gascoyne (Wigan) beat F. W. Chinn (Birmingham) by half a yard. Time, 2min 48 4-5sec. Ten Miles International Scratch Race.—Final heat: J. Green (Newcastle C.C.), 1; S. Jenkins (Cardiff and Catford C.C.), 2; E. J. Callaghan (Polytechnic C.C.), 3. Won, after a fine finish, by three-quarters of a length; a foot separated Jenkins and Callaghan. Time, 25min 51 4-5sec.

TEE-TO-TUM SPORTS.—THESE sports took place at Stamford Hill in fine but windy weather, before 3,000 spectators. Appended are the chief results:—One Mile Cycle Handicap.—Final Heat: E. J. Wollaston, 80yds start, 1; A. E. Colley, 130, 2; W. Hodgkinson, scratch, 3. Time, 2min 23 2-5sec. 300 Yards Flat Handicap (open).—Final Heat: A. E. Martin, Tee-To-Tum, 21 yards start, 1; A. E. Coombes, Portsmouth, 21, 2; C. W. Garnham, Unity A.C., 29, 3. Time, 34sec. Five Miles Cycle Handicap.—A. E. Colley, 650yds start, 1; H. J. Beck, 100, 2; W. R. Martin, 100, 3. Time, 12min 49 3-5sec. 880 Yards Flat Handicap (open).—Final Heat: E. C. Good, Tee-To-Tum, 105yds start, 1; H. E. Sawyer, Tee-To-Tum, 70, 2; R. T. Swash, Tee-To-Tum, 87, 3. Time, 2min 5sec. One Mile Steeplechase Handicap (open).—H. Evans, Highgate H., 50yds start 1; W. Walmsley, Queen's Park H., 100, 2. Time, 5min 37sec.

THE TERPSICHOREAN ART AT Bonn's Hotel.—A Pleasant Evening's Dancing.—The annual Cinderella dance of the hon. sec. of Bonn's social assembly took place at headquarters last Sunday evening. That his services were appreciated was seen by the audience present, and that the comfort of those present was thought of was exemplified when at 8.30 the doors were closed, as, had all those who came been admitted, discomfort would have resulted, and that is what is not permitted at this resort. Just enough and no more is the motto that is acted upon, and as the pleasures of all present is studied is a certain sign of success. Mr. Bonn, jun., was there to see that everything was carried out in perfect order, and when our representative left was still at his post. The dancing was carried on from 7.30 till shortly after the midnight bells had chimed, and everyone present enjoyed themselves, there being plenty of room for good dancers to roam about the hall to the strains of the band. Among absolutely the first array of dancers mention must be made of Misses Franks, Boam, Pearly, Mendosa, and Venton, while a close race ensued for the honours of the evening, Mrs. Myers, in black and sequin, with the bodice glittering with some splendid embroideries, being just in advance of Miss J. Franks, in blue, and Miss Hyman looked smart in red with black velvet edging. The fourth figure of the Alberts saw the strains of the A.M.B. in valse time, and a slow dance to this grand tune is luxury indeed. Among those present were four gentlemen from Woolwich, Messrs. R. Clark, Alf Coote, Tom Hannon, and Bob Jenner, and we noticed also R. Sluis, Bobbie Barnard, M. Allman ("better known as Dick Dunn"), J. Myers, A. Mercia. Mr. E. Susan, "one of the best," was an efficient M.C., and was to be found all over the saloon, finding a partner for anyone that required the same, and all were sorry when the time for departing arrived.

THE HON. CLAUDE HAY WILL PREside at a smoker, on Primrose Night, the 19th, at the King's Arms, Shoreditch; he will be supported by the principal East-end sports. Good artists have promised their services, as engagements will permit. Mr. Shingle (host), Tom Robertson (the Weavers' Arms), Jem Perry, and other turfites will be on hand, and, of course, "Caustic" will have to tear himself away from his se[illegible]al duties to be present, just to take a [illegible] or two. Remember—Queen, country, and good whisky for ever.

THE UNITED BROTHERS CLUB.—The billiard tournament that has been in a state of progression for some week past was brought to a satisfactory termination on Monday. The handicap, framed by Mr. J. Leven, was the model of fairness. When we explain that Mr. "Jack" Levy owes 50 and Mr. Muller, sen., receives 75, it would be an astute man indeed to spot the winner; but of course "Caustic" must have a fancy although he never gambles, plays any game at chance or skill. Well, our fancy was Teddy Sewell (owes 20) to win right out. In his previous heats he walked round the table, whistled a popular air, potted the balls with a don't care a dam sort of air, was an easy winner; then came his meeting with "Count" Gardner, owes 35. The "Count," as he is called, is a consistent player. He played for all he was worth. Teddy thought he could always run away, but the balls broke badly; still he smiled, smoked, and held his clever opponent cheap. He realised when the marker called the game that he had lost. There were two players on the scratch, to wit, Mr. B. Cooper and the young and popular Char ey Muller. The first-named got knocked by "Count." Young Dave Arkley (receives 30) was a dangerous outsider in the opening heats. He showed form at times, and then, after going to pieces, snatched the game out of the fire. "Caustic" made the draw for the semi-final. Charley Muller (scratch) beat Dave Arkley, and the redoubtable "Count" got the bye. Dave went under, and as H. J. C., the secretary, was talking over the matter of the final to the president, Mr. Bradshaw, in walked the "Count," and Young Charley and him fixed up arrangements for the final. Mr. Gardner beat Charley Muller. Gardner owes 35 to Charley Muller scratch. The giver of points played well, and was on his mettle. Young Charley was equally alert. Eagerness was Charley's play; his cannons were good, but the Count kept scoring off the red, and his pocket shots were accurate. Charlie struggled to pull the game out of the fire, but well as he played the luck was against him, and the Count won by 25. The game was accurately marked by Mr. Leonard Adams, Harry Sambroke spotted the ball, and Harry J. Carrington, MIRROR OF LIFE, was referee.

THE HEAVY-WEIGHT WRESTLING Championship.—Tom Clayton v. Jack Carkeek: Success of Clayton.—A match for a stake of £50 was decided at Farnworth between T. Clayton (Bulldog), of Farnworth, and Jack Carkeek, of America. Before they began the wagering was 30 to 20 on Clayton, who had been prepared at Blackpool under the supervision of that well-known and capable trainer, Eatock, and he was delivered in the pink of condition on the day. Carkeek had been vigorously working the halls and taking the finish of his exercise outside Liverpool. When they shook hands and commenced business, the American went vigorously to work, and did almost as he liked with Clayton, getting the first fall in 10½min. The wet ground, however, left him weak, and Clayton, with the full halch, gained the succeeding fall in 3½min. Carkeek was evidently weak, and failed to stay, and lost the next fall to Clayton in 55sec. W. Molineaux was referee. Carkeek was beaten, it is said, by the state of the turf.

DARTS: THE LAMB, NEW ROAD.—THE MIRROR OF LIFE will soon get tired of recording the successes of the tournament held at this house week after week. Ben keeps increasing his prizes, so no wonder the players come from all parts. The most remarkable thing is that notwithstanding the number of times some of the competitors have entered the unexpected has happened. Take, for instance, no one has won a competition twice; one of the most persevering entrants has been Coulson, of the Boro'. He has won at other places, but he as a rule broke down at his second heat. However, luck changes, and we have at last to record him a winner. Ben was pleased to see the prize go away, and hopes that Coulson will bring some more friends from the Boro'. Brief details:—Third Round: Jem beat Snooks, Wernham beat Kerney, Gardner beat Burkett, Ralph beat Charlton (this was a surprise), Townshend beat Bob, Fay beat H. J., Coulson beat Egunhooff (a good player), and Dish beat T. T. In the end Jem and Coulson met in the final, closely contested throughout, and Coulson scored his first victory, and although on a strange ground his victory was most popular. These tournaments are being continued, but competitors had best see Ben over the matter; he is always at home at the Lamb.

BILLIARDS.—J. KELLY (OWES 60) would be pleased to play Mr. C. N. Muller (scratch) at the United Brothers Club, 150 up, for a substantial trophy. The match can be made any evening by Mr. Harry J. Carrington (MIRROR OF LIFE), at the United Brothers Club, Plough Street, Commercial Road, E.

WALTER MILLER, THE BLACK Bull, High Street, Borough, gives two prizes; one for the best business dog or bitch and one for the best-looking all white show bull-terrier. The old and new school of the Fancy will attend; Wally Wallis and Tom Sheaham, chairmen; and Harry Carrington ("Caustic"). THE MIRROR OF LIFE will, as usual, have charge of the arrangements.

ECCENTRIC BILLY NICHOLLS.—Billy Nicholls, the most eccentric sportsman that Nottingham ever produced, died recently, and last week, on the occasion of his funeral, we made a few remarks: Billy Nicholls did not always lose, but when Sir Joseph Hawley hedged his money on Blue Gown, and backed his second and third string for the Derby, one of the heavy losers on the Blue Gown victory was the late Mr. Billy Nicholls, a bookmaker, who was also a Town Councillor of Nottingham. Quaintly humorous to a degree, he was particularly careless as to personal appearances. On the morning of settling day he appeared at Messrs. Barclay's bank, Lombard Street, and presented a draft for £30,000. It was a hot, summer morning, and as Billy was arrayed in a rabbit-skin costermonger's cap and a thick woollen comforter, the cashiers regarded him with something bordering upon consternation. They accordingly requested him to take a seat, and Billy enjoyed the joke while the wires were vigorously plied between London and Nottingham, until the bank ascertained that the "coster" was all right. As town councillor Billy Nicholls was asked to vote for the repair of the cemetery wall. The other councillors voted for doing so, but Billy opposed. Pressed for his reason, he rep'ied, "*It seems to me that those who are outside don't want to go in, and those inside will never come out.*"

ON MONDAY LAST (EASTER MONday) the Holborn Town Hall in Gray's Inn Road was well filled by an eager assembly of dancers from all quarters of the metropolis. The well known teacher of dancing and exponent of the terpsichorean art, Mr. H. Johnson, held his Petit Bal on this occasion, and his patrons all helped to make the evening a success. The large hall at this resort can accommodate nearly 300 dancers, all having a turn at the same time, and to the strains of the splendid band they merrily used toes and heels in every kind of round and square dances. With the promoter, Mr. Johnson, in command everything was as merry as the peals of wedding bells till "God Save the Queen" was played about 4 a.m.

AT LIMEHOUSE TOWN HALL MR. Wallace held his annual Easter Monday ball, and the East-end exponents of the terpsichorean art danced themselves into a pleasant state of content last Monday. Situated in a crowded district, with Stepney, Poplar, Bow, Mile-End, Whitechapel, Stratford, and Spitalfields in close proximity, it was no wonder that the attendance exceeded the average, all thoroughly enjoying themselves till the hour of departure arrived.

THE NIGHT OF THE SEASON.—All through the winter the patrons of the Fox have been looking forward to the complimentary of the musical director, S. Van Kollem. This takes place on the 25th inst. Talent galore have promised their services, the best of the profession being among them. A record is almost certain to be made, and the evening is certain to be a success.

WE HAVE RECEIVED A COPY OF the words and music of Mr. Parke's latest success, "Past and Present." It is dedicated to the C.I.V., and, with a catching melody by M. Isaacs, has already helped the fund. Splendidly written and with a catchy tune, it should take on with all patriotic Englishmen.

A GRAND FANCY DRESS BALL takes place at Bonn's Hotel next Saturday, under the direction of the Citizen Assembly, and as the costumes have, or many of them, taken prizes at other establishments a success is anticipated, and the hall should easily be filled. We shall be there.

A GRAND BALL TAKES PLACE next Friday, April 20, at Limehouse Town Hall. The Albany band will be under the direction of Louis Sheere. The special items of the evening are shadow waltzing and kaleidoscopic quadrilles. Carriages at 7.30, carriages at 4 a.m.

A GRAND FOOTBALL MATCH WAS held on the Woolwich football ground on Good Friday with the married and single men of the Woodman, for a grand supper and a new hat each, and resulted in a win for the married, the score being 5 to 1. Grimmer, the old Arsenal player, shot the single man's goal, and soon after got ordered off for striking the referee. No doubt there will be a fight between the referee and Grimmer at the next show at the Drill Hall, Woolwich. A gentleman will match Grimmer for £25 against "Nobby" Clark, of North Woolwich. Business only meant.

GOLIATH'S NOVICE.

A Pocket Hercules who Stands only 4ft 11in.

(*With Portrait.*)

THE youth under notice (Goliath's novice) was formerly a collier working in a pit in Lancashire when Goliath took him under his tuition. The novice is only twenty years of age and weighs 8st 6lb, but his muscular development is enormous. He can lift 213lb with the right and 186lb with the left, besides other feats.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during April:—

APRIL 23.—Geo. Millar's, of Paisley, Boxing Entertainment will take place at the League Halls, Port Glasgow.

APRIL 23.—At the National Sporting Club, London: Jack Goldswain v. Bill Wood, fifteen rounds; and other boxing.

APRIL 24.—Continuation of the Cup Competition at the Eastleigh Boxing and Athletic Club.

APRIL 30.—At the National Sporting Club, London: Bill Lampshire v. Charlie Simpson, fifteen rounds; 11st 4lb novices' competition; and other boxing.

BEN HARRIS TAKES A BEN.

"Who the Dickens Boz could be,
Wondered many a curious elf,
Till time revealed the mystery,
And Boz appeared in Dickens' self."

Thus sung the poet Hood concerning Dickens and his pseudonym "Boz." Who the Dickens not in the know knew where Benny Harris had his private shows? The mystery now stands revealed. We thought the venue was a secret that wild horses would not draw from the boxing reporter. Now we find the sacred spot, the terra incognita, given away in print as "The Oak Club, Prince's Square, Cable Street." One might wander round Prince's Square a good many times before finding the Oak Club. On the last occasion that we sampled the locality we wandered into a dosshouse close by and nearly received our quietus by means of an "Oak Club." Then we wandered forth into Cable Street again, where we fortunately met the once formidable champion of Rosemary Lane, Denny Harrington, of whom we inquired. Denny knew that we were not going to a prayer meeting, and appeared to know so much about the private show and where it was situated that we concluded that what Benny advertised as private was very much public—that is to the natives of the once famous—or infamous—Ratcliff Highway. Benny has formerly used prose to soften the hearts of his patrons, but on Tuesday week he circularised his friends thus. (N.B.—We believe Ben Harris has an M.C. job on at the French Exhibition, and he wants to voyage like a gentleman.)

Copyright.
Your old pal Benny Harris
Has a reming* job in Paris,
But he hasn't got a couter† in his cly‡;
This being Ben's condition
Why consider his position,
And to please you at his benefit he'll try.
* Good. † Sov. ‡ Pocket.

What wonder, then, that after an appeal like the above Benny had a full house. The first item in the programme was a Six Rounds Contest between two bosom friends, Jack Quinn and Jack Hennessy. These lads formerly sparred together at a French cirque in Paris. Jack Quinn was recently sent down to train at Sam Brown's at the Derby Arms, but Sammy's table, so says Brown, was not savoury enough for Jack, so the youngster left. Hennessy is much the bigger lad. Round 1. Hennessy taller and busier at the outset. Quinn lively, and the exchanges creditable to both, though nothing in the way of hard hitting took place. Round 2. Sharp fighting, Hennessy drawing first blood, and Hennessy going remarkably well to the call of time. Round 3. Hennessy led, and Quinn made play with the left hand, getting over Hennessy's guard with impunity. Latter riled, did himself justice, the result being an interesting passage of arms. Round 4. Hennessy the more distressed, Quinn scored fast with the left hand, and a good rally occurred, to neither man's advantage. Quinn, much the lighter boxer, made Hennessy's face a bright red, and to the end had much the best of the business. Round 5. Hennessy could not stave off the rushes of Quinn, whose left hand, varied by the right, greatly troubled Hennessy, who presented a gory appearance. Round 6. No alteration in the aspect of affairs. Quinn relied chiefly upon the left hand, and ultimately scored an overwhelming victory. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Sweeney beat Tom Oulds.—Round 1. Both led off at the same instant. Throughout the left hand was responsible for the major portion of the mischief. Round 2. Sweeney did most of the leading off. Oulds when he used the right was too far away to be dangerous, and Sweeney retired with a very fair lead. Round 3. Sweeney was much quicker off the mark, and cleverer in ducking out of danger. Oulds showed what he was about to do, and remarkably slow in doing it. Round 4. Oulds led rather out of reach. He had the best of the first rally, and this bout there was little to choose. Round 5. Oulds first off. Spirited work. Sweeney the better man. Round 6. Sweeney put in the first reminder, and away they went with right and left. Oulds persevered as best he could, but Sweeney won. Three Rounds Exhibition: Bill Pike v. Joe Ross.—A light display. Pike is recovering a good deal of his old form, and last Saturday week, at Wonderland, put his opponent out in a round. Six Rounds Contest: Tom Andy beat C. Stanton.—Round 1. Andy started a furious onslaught. Stanton retaliated as vigorously, and both merited a rest. Round 2. Again Andy led smartly, and getting close, they tucked each other up for a few seconds. After the break Andy was slippery, and they fought at close quarters to the call of time. There was no special superiority the one over the other. Round 3. Andy scored the faster with his left hand, and hit straighter. His right hand had a damaging effect, but only once was it used. Round 4. Stanton first, and subsequently short. Andy the better general, and more profuse with his attentions. Round 5. Andy shot in the left repeatedly, and with the right brought Stanton to his knees. Latter quickly up, and with both hands performed his part well. Round 6. Stanton set about his adversary with right and left, but soon received something very hot for his pains. Andy with the right staggered Stanton time after time, but the last named survived the ordeal of a punishing set-to, being nearly "out." Six Rounds Contest: Jem Barrett (Lambeth) beat Phil Alexander.—Round 1. Alexander's first appearance in the ring. He made the most of it, slinging right and left at lightning and amazing speed. Round 2. Barrett, who knew no more about boxing than Alexander, started the pantomime, and the company roared with laughter. Round 3. The music was repeated, Alexander steering round, and Barrett doing most of the leading. Round 4. Barrett drove Alexander round the ring, and with the right interfered with his comfort. At last Alexander fell and was counted out. Three Rounds Exhibition: Peter Brown v. Alf Barnard.—A much appreciated display, and both in earnest. Ten Rounds Contest: Nat Keyser beat G. Chelsea.—Sharp start, with points to the credit of Keyser, and gloves a little below regulation size. Many rallies and exciting issues. Thus the first round. Second round Keyser went with a grand punch. They fought like devils all the time, principally about the body. Third round Keyser less distressed. Chelsea eager for the fray. Keyser body punched him, and finally Chelsea dropped. Ben Harris in a brief speech thanked his patrons, and the entertainment came to a most successful conclusion.

NEW TRAINING QUARTERS.

ALTHOUGH WE HAVE TRAINING quarters in various parts of London, including those well-known places at Chipperfield, Putney, and Hendon, such establishments in the south-eastern district, up to present, have been conspicuous by their absence. However, recently, by request, Mr. Alf Standbrook, now mine host of The Woodman, King George Street, Greenwich, has rose to the occasion and supplied the long-felt want. His hostelry, which is a very compact one, is located in one of the best neighbourhoods, and faces Greenwich Park, which is universally admitted to be one of the most beautiful natural parks in England, and is an ideal place for a man to train. From the aforementioned hotel a boxer preparing for an engagement has only to be in the street a couple of minutes and he is in the open country, where beautiful walks can be obtained, and, what is more, different routes can be taken every day in the week, including through the Park, which is very hilly, through Charlton Park, on to Woolwich Common, and on to Bexley, on to Blackheath, through Morden College into Eltham, or branch off through Lee into Orpington and Bromley. These are only some of the walks, whilst in addition the River Thames is within a few minutes' walk, where the subject in training, if he wishes to vary the monotony, can go out sculling. What is more to the general advantage of those in training, Alf Standbrook is an astute judge as to what a man requires, considering that he has held such positions as that of instructor and trainer to the Bexhill School of Arms, York Athletic Club, Palace School of Arms, and Prince Albert A.C. Consequently his newly erected gymnasium, which is a spacious one, contains all the latest accessories, including a fine ball-punching apparatus specially manufactured by F. H. Ayres, wrist straps, punching the sack, dumbbells, Indian clubs, splendid shower bath—in fact, every requisite being on hand. As regards the bill of fare, the proprietor fairly revels in booking and preparing tasty dishes. Consequently, with such advantages, considering that the house is scarcely half an hour's run by train from the metropolis, Alf Standbrook should receive many applications for training quarters.

DEATH OF JEM GOODE, SENIOR.

POOR OLD JEM GOODE! ONE OF the most kindly men we ever knew, the father of Jem and Bill Goode, passed away on Thursday morning last. The old man had had two previous attacks of epilepsy in the shape of fits, and the third proved fatal. Old Jem Goode was between seventy and eighty years of age; and the whole of this long life was devoted to sport—boxing, dog fancying, and ratting being the old man's favourite pastimes. Whenever either of the younger Goodes fought, and we were mostly there to see, the old man was invariably in Jem or Bill's corner. Poor old Jem laid unconscious for two days and then passed quietly away The old gentleman was in business for many years at the back of Shoreditch Church, Leadenhall Market, and other places. He was married twice.

We were present at Sadler's Wells when old Goode was the head and front of the match with his son Jem and Mickey Rees. We well remember the old man bringing the pail containing the water from the beer-house opposite and the mob of fighters at the door who would not stand the "Press," but made everyone who entered the door part a golden sov. Mickey Rees, covered with black hair, looked a veritable Orson, while Jem Goode looked quite a fair stripling. In the second round Jem Goode missed his man, and broke his wrist by his knuckles coming in contact with the stakes. Even when Jem Goode was thus disabled Mickey Rees was afraid to approach him. Instead of the police in the body of the hall stopping the contest there and then, they allowed it to proceed, and something like twenty rounds had been negotiated when the police made a raid upon the stage. To add to the alarm of the spectators the police in a high-handed way had fastened all the approaches to the theatre, and formed a cordon round its walls. The articles stated that the contest, in case of interruption, was to be fought out to a finish. The editor of a weekly sporting paper, then in embryo, was the referee, and a daily sporting paper at that time was much averse to any journal having a finger in the boxing pie but themselves. When the contest was stopped the referee was in a dilemma. Jem Goode's arm was disabled, and he practically was out of the fight. The opposition, however, insisted that a place should be named for the contest to be renewed, according to the articles. "If you insist upon my doing so," said the referee, "I will name a place, and give notice to the police, for I think it shameful to order a man with a broken wrist to renew a fight." After an amount of acrimony and bitterness from persons that now write so gingerly the affair was made a draw, and the stakes divided. (Both combatants are at present in the land of the living, and can contradict us if we are wrong. We know Jem Goode, jun., will not.) Old Jem Goode's eloquence prevailed on a celebrated occasion in causing a blot on boxing. Tom Lees and Bill Goode met for the second time at Waite's School at Arms, when, owing to a very long round, some unauthorised person called "Time." "I did not call time," exclaimed the timekeeper, and Jem Goode, who was seconding his brother Bill, told him to continue. Bill, in his bewilderment, went over to Lees and struck him while sitting in his corner. There was a cryl of "foul," and the referee appointed by a daily sport gave in for Tom Lees. This should have been final, but old Jem Goode went down to the office, from which the referee was deputed, and so won over the managing editor by the orce of his eloquence that, repudiating the decision of his representative, the match was made a draw. We could write a volume concerning the doings of old Jem Goode, who was a frequent visitor to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, but must conclude by saying that when old Jem followed his son Bill to America we were journeying some time after along the City Road when we thought we perceived an elderly cowboy approaching. It was none other than old Jem Goode in this get-up, with a felt wideawake about the size of a cartwheel. Peace be to the old fellow, and in the language of Shakespeare, "We could well have spared a better man."

TOMMY WEST DEFEATS JACK BONNER.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, APRIL 7.—ANOTHER victory was added by Tommy West, of Brooklyn, to his fast increasing list last night at the Broadway A.C. West met Jack Bonner, of Summit Hill, Pa., in a twenty-five rounds contest at 162lb and defeated him in the sixteenth with blows in the stomach. Bonner was outclassed, but gave a fine exhibition of gameness. West was never in better form, and every time he landed Bonner showed the effects of the knocks. West was a favourite at 100 to 40, but there were very few takers at these figures. A fair-sized crowd was present and the contest was lively throughout.

The preliminary bout was between Jemmy Hayward, coloured, of Chicago, and George Greenwood, of England. The weight was 130lb. Hayward went after the foreigner and pummelled him hard with body blows. Greenwood was fairly clever, but could not get out of the way of the coloured man's left. In the fourth round Hayward floored Greenwood three times with smashes in the wind, and the referee stopped further hostilities, and gave the combat to Hayward.

The speedy termination of the mill caused quite a delay before the principals of the night took their corners. Bonner was looked after by Jemmy De Forest, John Dolan, and Johnny Gorman. West's seconds were Harry Tuthill, Jemmy McBride, and Bob Clark. Straight Queensberry rules prevailed. West planted the right under the heart and swung the left for the jaw. Neither blow landed squarely. They swung again for each other when they broke, but there was no damage done. Then West got home a light jab over Bonner's right eye. In the second West landed the right under the heart. Bonner tried the same blow, but West clinched. West ran into a straight left which sent his head back.

Bonner tried to mix it up in the third, but was quickly stopped with a left in the wind. West almost capsized him with a right hook on the break-away. Bonner did a lot of leading after this, but could not get home effectively. Bonner took the initiative in the fourth. West jumped back, and hugged smartly. Bonner used bad judgment in getting out of the way, and West jabbed him on the nose with the left, and smashed the body with the right. West began the fifth with a rush. He left himself unguarded, but recovered in time to avoid Jack's swinging right. Bonner fell to the floor from the force of the blow. Bonner then caught West on the nose with the left, bringing the blood. Both scored heavily before the round was up.

Bonner bored in in the sixth and wasted a lot of strength, swinging over West's head. Tommy was successful in catching Bonner on the face with jabs. Bonner cut out the work in the seventh, but accomplished nothing. Then he planted the left twice in West's wind and shot over the right on the jaw. The punches staggered Tommy, but the gong saved him. Bonner was very anxious in the eighth, and as West rushed Jack shoved him off and Tommy went spinning through the ropes. This roused West's ire, and the two then fought all over the ring. Bonner went to his knees during the melée.

West landed with a right hook in the ninth under the left ear and cut a deep gash, from which the blood flowed in streams. The blow made Bonner stagger, but he was soon himself, and with two rights on the jaw he sent West to the ropes. West was after Bonner in the tenth, and invariably caught his rival with the left on the face. West nailed Bonner with the left in the stomach on the break-away in the eleventh, and Bonner grew weak. He was in a bad way when the gong tolled. West was all over Bonner in the twelfth. Jack held on continually, and allowed West to fight him off with body blows. Bonner woke up toward the end, but West cornered him and he dropped to his knees to avoid punishment.

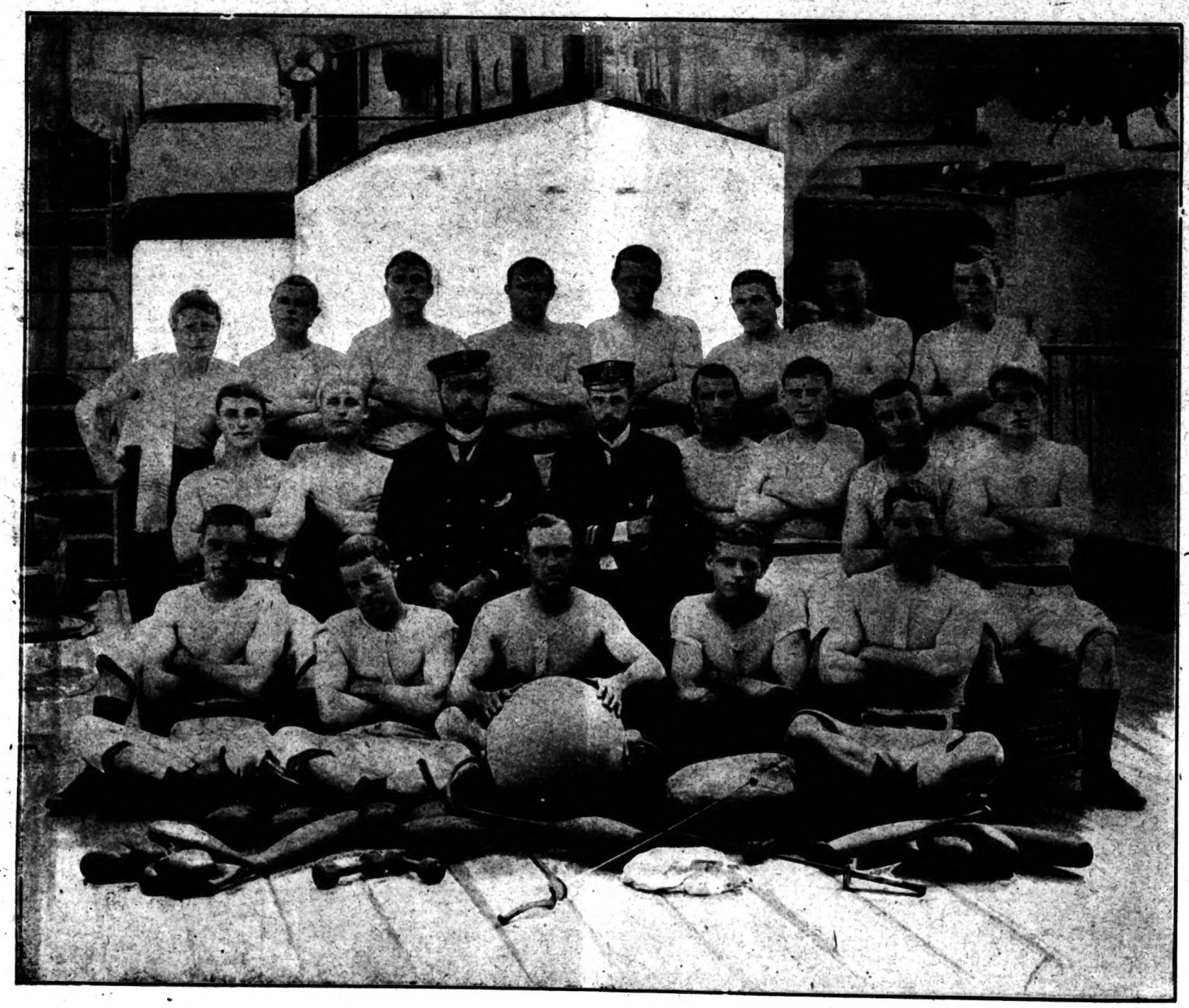
Bonner was very lively in the thirteenth, and, for a while, he made West hustle, but Tommy got in a hard left on the wind which took the starch out of him. Then Tommy sailed in and knocked Bonner down three times with punches on the jaw. Jack took the count on each occasion. The last time he was floored the bell clanged and Bonner was carried to his chair by his seconds.

West went in to finish Bonner in the fourteenth, and although he dropped the Pennsylvanian once, Bonner was up in a jiffy full of fight, and for the rest of the round Jack gave Tommy all he could do to protect himself. Bonner was as weak and limp as a wet rag in the fifteenth and went down twice. Bonner was tired and wobbled when he put up his hands for the sixteenth. He lashed away, however, but West danced back. When Tommy came forward he hammered Bonner's stomach with the left and each blow nearly bent him up. The last knock was such a sturdy one that Bonner fell half way across the ring and began to vomit. He then collapsed, and his seconds threw up the sponge.

(Continued on page 10.)

MADELINE KILPATRICK,
The Most Beautiful as well as the Most Accomplished of All Lady Trick Bicycle Riders.

MISS MILLY MARCHANT,
A Young and Pretty Vocalist who is Winning Praise by Her Clever Representations.



H.M.S. MILDURA.
A Group of Athletes, Composed of Officers and Men of the Ship.

WITH THE TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Royal Irish Rifles and Mounted Infantry were Returning to Bethany when Attacked by an Overwhelming Number of Boers, their Ammunition being Exhausted they were Compelled to Surrender.

(*Continued from Page 7.*)

WILL CURLEY, OF NEWCASTLE, v. JABEZ WHITE, OF BIRMINGHAM, FOR £75.

A ONE-ROUND CONTEST.

ANOTHER OF THOSE ONE-ROUND contests, whic' to a certain extent make the noble art ridiculous, has taken place at Newcastle. We have been treated to several of these one-round contests recently—notably, "Pedlar" Palmer v. Terry McGovern, Dick Burge v. Jack Scales, &c., and now we have the downfall of great expectations in the one-round contest between Will Curley, of Newcastle, and Jabez White, of Birmingham. Jabez White was no unknown quantity, there was no one at his weight in the Birmingham division who could make Jabez hop. In London Jabez had met and defeated Harry Greenfield, once looked upon as an undiluted 9st champion. The Birmingham lad had the advantage of two inches in height and half a stone in weight. Then, why was Jabez defeated by Will Curley? Simply, not that Curley is so good, but that White did not act up to his form. The art of self-defence seems to be entirely neglected. Where is the self-defence when the most vital portion of the body, the chin, is left open to attack? There is a new style introduced into boxing which is most reprehensible; it is neither Queensberry nor any other rules, that we know. The hit, stop, and get away is a thing of the past. These lads were constantly in holds, so much so that they were repeatedly cautioned by the referee. Both men fought like fourth-class prize-fighters instead of skilled boxers. There was a continued series of clinches, in which it looked as though one man had got the other in what in prize-ring phraseology was termed "chancery," so repeatedly did they punch in holds. There was no clinch, a break away and a punch, but a series of short-armed hittings when the men were in clinches. The mode of boxing at the present day, even among champions, cannot be too seriously deprecated. A boxer informed us the other day that he was taking lessons from another well known in the boxing world, "He's the chap to teach you how to lay on your man, how to catch your opponent's left hand between your right, and make the referee believe the other bloke is holding." This was said in all seriousness, as if the tricks of the trade of boxer consisted in doing everything unfair and nothing fair. What a travesty on an art which was inaugurated to protect the weak against the strong, not to take an unfair advantage of an adversary, and never to hit below the belt. Now many of our boxers do almost everything but bite. It was when being cautioned to break away that White received his quietus. Jabez was the first to respond to the referee's call and spring away from Master Curley's well-known clinches without putting himself in a posture of defence. This was a fine break for Curley, who was equal to the occasion, and by what used to be called an upper-cut, but which is now called a "hook hit," the same sort of hit with which Dick O'Brien brought down the "Coffee Cooler" at the Olympic Club, Birmingham, Curley brought Jabez to grief. This hit is a swinging upper-cut with the left, which reaches the chin under the guard, and is always effectual. It was so effectual in the case of the "Coffee Cooler" that his efforts to get up were quite horrifying. Backing himself for big money, Craig had just sense enough left in him to know if he did not make an effort to get up he would lose it. The "Cooler" fell face downwards on the resined floor, and as he struggled about the ring like a wingless cock chafer his distorted black face covered with resin came in view, and looked so horrifying that it haunted our dreams for nights afterwards. This is the effect of the hit which sent Jabez White to grass and caused Curley to pocket so many hundred sovs. in so few minutes. The air of Newcastle must be fatal to the chances of boxers going North. Harry Lane, Nat Smith, and innumerable others from London and various parts outside Newcastle have gone down before the lads of of the land of coals. We suppose this Cock of the North will now crow louder than ever. It would not be at all surprising if a challenge was sent out to Terry McGovern; for "Gaffer" Parker, who is lucky in his generation, intends backing both his pets until they lose; and as Parker *understands* the game (most bookmakers do) there will be nothing too high in the future for Will Curley or Harry Ware to be sent up against. Now that the Horton Law is repealed in America we shall have a big importation from the States. This is as it should be, for when Will Curley and Harry Ware have demolished all the home material in the English market they can then turn their attention to a bit of American. We remember seeing Jabez White peform at the Central Hall, Holborn, when something under 7st, and we then remarked that Jabez was about the tallest and thinnest lad we ever saw at the weight. Jabez is one more of Jem Mace's geese whom the old champion considered swans. The old 'un thought Jabez unbeatable, and so did many more who are now left lamenting. Jabez before the contest expressed himself as fit as hands could make him; after the contest Jabez said he was not well, and had fought at too low a weight. 'Tis ever thus with losers. The donors of the purse are not satisfied. We wonder why! The contest: Round 1 and last.—Immediately after shaking hands Curley led with a straight left that reached his opponent's face lightly. White responded with a right on the shoulder, whereupon they clinched. They each struck on the ribs, whilst in holds, and were ordered to break by the referee. Curley cleverly got away from two swinging left-handers, and in twisting from another similar delivery, he placed himself in a critical situation, but he was lucky to guard his opponent's left, aimed with deadly force for the face. Sharp exchanges followed, and in another clinch both were again guilty of hitting before a clean break, Curley getting the advantage with a lab on the face. White landed the left heavily on the ribs. Some infighting followed, and they then clinched in the Brum's corner. Upon being cautioned to break, White was first to give way, but before he was out of danger Curley hooked him with great force on the point with the left, the Midlander falling to the boards, to be counted out just as two minutes of the round had expired. The victory of the Tynesider was naturally warmly applauded, but White's form belied his great reputation. The donors of the purse have withheld their contributions. They evidently know something.

BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.

THE 7st 6lb CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE PRELIMINARY BOUTS OF THE 7st 6lb Championship were decided at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday night. The chosen four were Harry McDermott, of South Shields, "Kid" Veitch, of Gateshead, Harry Ashley, of London, and Charley Exall, of London, who all passed the scale satisfactorily the same morning. With four such capital exponents of the game in rivalry, good sport was expected. In the result anticipations were fully realised, for better or more exciting boxing has seldom been seen. When a start was made there was plenty of room in the reserved seats, but as time wore on the attendance increased, and eventually the roomy building was pretty well filled. Two local men, E. Blandford and J. Mather, both of Bedlington, led off with a fifteen rounds go, which was fought out in the most stubborn fashion, and won by Mather. Then McDermott and Exall took the ring for the first bout of the competition. A tremendous amount of interest was centred in this contest, each man having quite a good following. The men were admirably matched as regards size, but the North-countryman quickly showed his superiority as a boxer. Exall had in his corner Charley Beadling, "Dido" Vardy, and "Wag" Ashley; while the wants of McDermott were looked after by Bob Ryan, Tommy Murphy, and M. Nelas. In the third round Exall went down from a flush left on the mouth, and McDermott, boxing in masterly manner, excelling in both attack and defence, added rapidly to his lead. At the eighth meeting, McDermott had the Londoner fairly going, and it appeared good odds against Exall staying the twelve rounds. McDermott, however, slowed down, and Exall, improving, scored most points in the last three rounds. This caused a lot of excitement, and some of the spectators, carried away by the pluck shown in the closing stages by the visitor, and forgetting all about the lead previously held by the local boxer, hissed the verdict when it was given in favour of McDermott. The next two, Veitch and Ashley, had a vicious rough-and-tumble fight, that came to an end in the sixth round. Any amount of feeling was introduced into this set-to, and several times the men were on the floor together. Veitch, taller and longer in the reach than his opponent, had in addition the hardest punch, and after a gruelling bout the referee, seeing Ashley hopelessly beaten, put an end to the match. Sam Franks, J. Milburn, and J. Jones were behind the winner, while Charley Beadling, Jack Mutton, and Dick Johnson were in Ashley's corner.

JACK CORK, OF PADDINGTON, NOT being fit when he met Alf Leeper at Wonderland last Thursday, would like to box him again six or ten rounds for the New Palace Club purse. This is also open to Charlie Stanton. Joe Wiggins, of Harefield, will oblige by writing to Jack Cork.

AMATEUR COMPETITIONS AT THE NORTH LONDON CLUB.

BETWEEN KING'S CROSS AND Merrie Islington the above club is situated, and throughout the winter season all kinds of sport is in full swing here. Some years ago she battled for the premier position among working men's clubs, at the time that their competitors were the Netherland, Bryanston, Kay Street Radical, Mildmay, South Bermondsey, Boro' of Finsbury, &c., but with the athletic classes, and some dying out and others being suspended, it was an easy matter for the North to become the best athletic club in the Working Men's Club and Institute Union. A few years ago, when Frank Phillips had the management, professional boxing was the principal at this resort, but with a different committee the club was affiliated to the A.B.A., and from that day to this has outstripped all rivals and stands in the foremost position of club life. All sports come equal to their members, and during the summer running, rowing, cricket, swimming, racing, cycling, and all other pastimes are patronised by those belonging to this and kindred associations. When the cold weather sets in all kinds of games that harden the muscles are brought into renewed existence, and with a professional instructor boxing takes the chief position among them all. Last Tuesday the entertainment that was staged consisted of an 8st 6lb open novices amateur competition, six rounds contests and exhibition boxing, and a good night's entertainment was the result. That well-respected sportsman, Charley King, acted as M.C., with Harry Cooper and Mr. Rogers as judges; Mr. Mankin, of the A.B.A., referee, and George Sutton clocking. Six Rounds Contest: W. Dempsey (N.L.A.A.C.) beat W. King (N.L.A.A.C.)—Round 1. Dempsey set the pace, sending the left on the face and body, his opponent doing the postman's knock till the round ended. Round 2. King was receiver general, his rival letting the bout last, taking matters very cool. Round 3. The audience whistled "Dear old pals," and Dempsey did as he liked. Rounds 4 and 5. The winner would have had a good chance at St. James's Hall, and why he did not we do not know, as he has a good knowledge of scientific boxing, and hits very hard. Round 6. Dempsey would not hurt his club mate, but won easily. Three Rounds Display: Tom Cooper and Ted Gorrie. Exhibition Bout: Bill Lampshire and George Smyrks. Three Rounds Bout: Harry Cooper (Stanhope B.C.) and H. Wilmott (Central Finsbury B.C.). 8st 6lb Competition: 1st Heats.—"Wag" Osborn (unattached) beat C. Pope (Highgate); E. Mankin (North London Club) beat H. Wright (Red, White, and Blue Institute); H. Perry (University B.C.) beat Brook Pratt (North London A.A.C.), W. Hayes (B. of M.) beat E. Bowden (Bradlaugh B.C.). Semi-finals: Osborn beat Mankin.—After sparring for an opening Osborn led on the dial. Mankin clinched, and after a hard body blow the bout was stopped, and Osborn returned the winner. Perry beat Hayes.—The little terrier set the pace, but with a straight left his opponent scored and held the lead when they retired to their corners. A fierce fight, Perry setting the pace throughout, forcing his opponent round the ring till the referee stopped the bout, and gave Perry the decision. Final Bout: Perry beat Osborn.—Perry rushed his opponent all over the ring, and with a right hand swing sent his opponent to sleep. The contestants were well looked after by Harry Smyrks and Bill Lampshire, while special mention must be made of the hard-working secretary, Mr. W. Drake, who led the workers throughout the evening, and he must be congratulated on staging a grand evening's sport that lasted almost till midnight.

BOXING AT KINGSLAND.

BILLY JAMES, WHO PRESIDES over the Dark Horse in the Kingsland Road, has been pretty busy this season in organising boxing in the above neighbourhood. The lads of the locality, formerly unacquainted with the noble art, are now going quite strong in consequence of repeated visits to the sparring room of the above-named hostelry. On Wednesday evening competitions at 8st 4lb and 7st 4lb were inaugurated, and as these shows secured a good entry a first-class night's entertainment, as far as ding dong boxing was concerned, rewarded the spectators for their patronage. 8st 4lb Competition.—First Series: J. Thorogood (Haggerston) beat A. M'Glynn (Kingsland).—This was capitally contested, and the verdict at the close was in favour of the former. C. James (Kingsland) beat Frank Sinclair (Mile End).—This was a punishing bout, in which both were sent down. James in the end won a good set-to. W. Hayes (Shoreditch) beat J. Hughes (Southwark).—This bout was stopped in Hayes' favour in the first round. Second round: Thorogood beat James.—The latter was clearly overmatched, and the contest was stopped in the opening round. Hayes sparred a bye with Jack Harley (Mile End). Final Bout: Thorogood beat Hayes.—These evenly-matched lads put in a lot of good left-handed work during the first two rounds. Half-way through the third meeting Hayes received a punch on the chest, which caused the latter to retire. 7st 4lb Competition.—First Series: Harry Purks (Southwark) beat Fred Smith (Bloomsbury).—The former cut out the work in a manly manner, despite being at a disadvantage in height and reach. Dave Sullivan (Marylebone) beat Sid Porter (Marylebone).—Sullivan had the best of the opening round and displayed a lot of judgment. In the second round Porter was knocked out. G. Nicholson (Finsbury) beat Joe Hanamore (Hoxton).—The Finsbury youth had much the best of the exchanges, and won easily. Abe Hyde (Hoxton) sparred a bye with Mitty Williams (Bethnal Green). Second Round: Hyde beat Nicholson.—The former always had the best of the work and won before the first round was concluded. Sullivan beat Purks.—The latter went off at a great pace, but half-way through the second round he was sent through the ropes, and Sullivan was returned the winner. Final Bout: Hyde beat Sullivan.—The latter was sent down twice in quick succession, and the referee wisely stopped the bout after it had proceeded about a minute.

DAVE SULLIVAN DEFEATS EDDIE GARDNER.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1900.—IT only goes to show that reputation fills no barometer for the weather eye of the wise to judge by when there is money to bet on a prize fight. Dave Sullivan was a two-to-one shot last Monday night. That is, this was the odds shouted through the hall, but there were no takers. Those who know, or think they do, figured it out between the lines of their pugilistic dope books that Eddie Gardner had as much chance with the husky delegate from Ireland first, and later from Boston, as would a hunk of pumpkin pie in the clutches of a Bowery small boy. And in that thought they had another coming. Sullivan won in the nineteenth round. But there were times when he didn't know whether he was going to church or coming home from school. He had his hands full of Gardner all the while. Such a boring-in, always punching, never-let-go little bulldog it has never been Dave's misfortune to bump into, or rather, have bump into him. In the sixteenth round Sullivan's wits were further at sea than they usually are from any kind of a punch. Gardner swatted him one on the pork chops that tossed Dave's toes up to the gaslights. Dave reached an upright position more by the fighter's instinct than by any exercise of his thinkery. He discourteously turned his back on his friend, the enemy, and leered with biassed eyes and drooping jaw at the ropes. Gardner followed him up and—swat! It was another right on the jaw. Dave sat down with emphasis, and looked like a rag baby minus all its sawdust. Billy Madden, the referee, started to bury Dave's hopes under the knell of ten when the Irish-Bostonian scrambled to his shaky feet. Madden stepped between the men, as is customary with referees under like circumstances, and there immediately went up a howl from Gardner's corner that the referee had led Sullivan to his corner, thereby stopping the fight. But he didn't, and the fight went on. Sullivan came back like the game little fellow he is, and stalled off the other fellow until the bell gave him a much-needed rest. Gardner had shot his bolt in that important sixteenth round, and after that Sullivan had him at his mercy. He punched him "dopy" and sent him wandering far from home in the next round, and kept him in the woods until the finish. In the nineteenth chapter Gardner kept his feet, but he had lost his head in the maze of jabs and swings sent to it by Sullivan. Oscar, the victim's brother, seeing that it was all up with Gardner, jumped into the ring and pulled Sullivan off his quarry. It all happened at the Hercules A.C., in Brooklyn. Gardner showed himself a particularly foxy fighter. Many times he appeared to be going, but he was only lying low for a finishing punch. Up to the seventeenth round he certainly stood to win for his aggressiveness and the number and variety of his blows. There was some holding, but both were equally guilty, and the referee had to caution them. In the fourteenth round Sullivan gave Gardner his shoulder on the chin, and there was a cry of foul, but Madden didn't hear it. Taken altogether, it was a star number, and given a little more experience, Gardner will give the rest of them in his class a warm argument.

BILL JOHNSON, OF FARNWORTH, wishes to thank the ladies and gentlemen who showed their sympathy to Johnson and nobly subscribed to him during his trouble, through no fault of his own. Tom Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Blackburn, Mr. W. Turner, Mr. Dick Moss, Mr. Fred Thomas, Mr. Owen Evans, Mr. Tom Garnett, Mr. James Quinn, Mr. Tom Bibby, Mr. John Cornfield (all of Liverpool); also the following Llandudno friends:—Mr. Will Owen, Mr. Davy Roberts, Mr. Mobberley, Mr. Eastham, Mr. Edwin Williams, Miss Thomas, Mr. Joe Perry, and last but not least his old pal Joe Taylor, instructor to Victoria Boxing Club.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.

SUCCESS OF JACK SCALES.

8st 6lb COMPETITION.

JACK WALKER AND ALF GREER TO MEET IN THE FINAL.

Anything taken in hand by "Jolly Jumbo" is sure of success, and with such valuable aids to assist as Harry Wright and Barney Sheppard, all concerned with the show met with the reward they deserved. Those present, and the hall was filled, took great interest in every bout, while the mammoth programme was such that at a late hour the final of the competition was shelved for a future occasion, being held over, leaving Alf Greer and Jack Walker to dispute for the prize next Saturday. The other contests were keenly and closely fought, and so well matched were the men that there was very little to choose between them, a narrow margin dividing the winners from the losers. Jack Scales had a rather easy job, and Woolf Bendoff, not in condition, fell an easy mark for the heavyweight. The officials were:—Referee, Mr. Charles Godtschalk, THE MIRROR OF LIFE; timekeeper, Mr. Rushton; judges, Mr. Stanley and Mr. Josephs; and Mr. Ben Harris M.C.; seconds, Albert Dixon, Joe Anderson, and Bill Day. Details:—

8st 6lb COMPETITION FOR £25 AND £25 CUP (FOUR ROUNDS).

FIRST SERIES.

JACK WALKER beat FRED DELANEY.

Round 1. After a little sparring Walker set the pace, trying to send the right home, but his opponent used his left for points. Round 2. Give and take was the order during a level bout, honours being equal. Round 3. Delaney scored well, and despite his rival's endeavours took the lead. Round 4. Walker forced, and at the end of a grand bout the judges disagreed. The decision went to Walker.

GEORGE JOHNSON beat HARRY WILLIAMS.

Round 1. A very lively meeting, Johnson having slightly the bout. Ronnd 2. Both were in earnest, and they hit hard and often till time was called. Round 3. A repetition of the preceding round, and a fine match they were, giving blow for blow. Round 4. A fine bout, and Johnson won.

"SAILOR" RICHARDSON beat JOE BARRETT.

Barrett took matters very easy, his opponent taking the lead in the opening round. The sailor smiled as they went up, but his rival more than held his own in a very scientific bout. Richardson forced the exchanges, and it was very level when they stood up for round four. Both went all the way, and after a disagreement the award went to the sailor.

ALF GREER beat TED DALEY.

Round 1. Plenty of hugging took place, and there was hardly anything in it at the close of the bout. Round 2. The old man has not forgotten the tricks of the trade, and more than held his own in a hard round. Round 3. Daley scored well, and wrested the advantage from Greer. Round 4. A grand bout, and after nearly going out Daley came again, and the casting vote went to Greer.

SECOND SERIES, SIX ROUNDS.

WALKER beat RICHARDSON.

Round 1. Richardson set the pace, and during a ding-dong meeting Walker more than held his own. Round 2. A good hard hitting meeting, with both going all the way. Round 3. Richardson again forced the work, but met the straight left of his opponent. Round 4. Walker met his opponent's rushes well, and a good round resulted, Richardson when in holds paying particular attention to his opponent's kidneys. Round 5. Walker still held a long lead in spite of his opponent's efforts. Round 6. Richardson pulled up a lot, but could not wipe off all arrears, and Walker gained the decision.

GREER beat JOHNSON.

Round 1. Greer weaved in and with double hits established a lead before the round ended. Round 2. A fierce meeting, Johnson's blows being the hardest, but Greer kept scoring all the way. Round 3. A series of rallies, both joining in, and they were in holds at the call of time. Round 4. Johnson set to work, and with his rival biding his time, a level bout resulted. Round 5. They tried all they knew to end the business, Johnson wiping off some of his arrears. Round 6. Johnson did his utmost, but at the end Greer won.

FINAL.

JACK WALKER v. ALF GREER.

Next Saturday.

SIX ROUNDS CONTESTS.

BOB RUSSELL beat JACK OSMAN.

Round 1. These two ex-amateurs took matters easy, making a light meeting of it. Rounds 2 and 3. Both made the pace a bit harder, but during the journey Russell continued to add to his score. Rounds 4 and 5. Osman went well in these, and made a level meeting of them. Round 6. A grand meeting, and the award went to Russell.

BILL BAXTER beat FRED JOHNSON.

Round 1. These two old-timers put up a grand fight, and though there was not much power behind the blows neither has lost the cleverness he possessed. Round 2. Johnson forced the exchanges, but was well met, Baxter taking the lead. Round 3. Straight as a piston-rod went Baxter's left on the dial, but Johnson was always at it during a hard round. Round 4. A fine meeting, Baxter's right landed on the point just before "Time!" was called. Round 5. Johnson first, Baxter replying with a hard right on the body. Both hard at it when "Time!" separated them. Round 6. Baxter would make a good many young ones go, and after a grand set-to gained the award.

The tit-bit of the evening for £50 and a side stake.

TEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

JACK SCALES beat WOOLF BENDOFF.

Round 1. Bendoff forced the exchanges at the start, but Scales came on towards the end of the meeting. Round 2. Scales took the initiative, and sent his opponent down twice during the round. Round 3. Scales again sent his opponent down, and seeing Bendoff had no chance his seconds gave in for him. The betting at the start was 6 to 4 on Bendoff.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

BILL CORBETT beat DICK DEANE.

Both have met the other a number of times, and a fine fight ensued, Corbett scoring well till the end, when he gained the verdict.

WRESTLING.

TOM JONES (Wigan) beat JIM LITTLETON (Manchester).

Mr. W. Armstrong, referee. Two falls in Lancashire style. Bout 1. After a fine display Jones gained the first fall. Bout 2. After 3min 15sec the second point was gained by Littleton. Bout 3. The final was gained by Jones in 1min 16sec.

Exhibition of wrestling in Westmoreland and Cumberland between Mr. Rigg and Mr. Reid. After gaining one fall each the final went to Rigg.

Wrestling Match (best of three falls).—Bout 1. After six minutes Smith gained the first fall at the end of a grand bout. Bout 2. Seven minutes was the time of the next, and the fall this time went to Phillips. Bout 3. They gamely struggled for the best position, and after a brilliant display the fall went to Smith in five minutes.

Harry Wright, of Wonderland fame, will become the proprietor of the White Hart, Shoreditch, on April 25, and his double for the City and Suburban is don't miss the house, both ways, going and coming.

A GOOD NIGHT'S SPORT.

SPLENDID BOXING AND HARD HITTING.

HARRY WRIGHT STAGED AN entertainment last Thursday at the well-known resort in Whitechapel. Usually when a show is billed to take place about holiday time the attendance is very poor, but the resort was well filled by an enthusiastic audience on Thursday, when the boxing was worth witnessing. Sharp to time the first couple entered the arena, and to the last contest of the evening the excitement ran high, the sportsmen present being highly satisfied with the entertainment. During the evening the following acted in an official capacity: Referee, Mr. Sam Jacobs, the well-known bookie; timekeeper, Young Fag; with Ben Harris an efficient M.C.

Brief details:—Six Rounds Contest: Fred Fairchild beat Charlie Stanton.—From the moment they stood up they set to work and hit one another round the ring and every round was a repetition of the preceding bout, and Fairchild had a slight advantage when they stood up for Round 5, and more than holding his own till the final the award went to Fairchild. Six Rounds Contest: Alf Leeper beat Jack Cork.—Both have good left hands, and occasionally the right was used, and Leeper took the lead and sustained it till the 3rd, when the bout was stopped, and Leeper returned the winner. Six Rounds Contest: Sid Scales beat Curley (Paddington).—Scales seems a couple of stone lighter than we have seen him, but with his fat turned into muscle looks all the better for it, and boxing as he used to years ago easily took the lead, and, being clever, added to his advantage. Despite the efforts of his opponent, Curley went great guns in the final round, but Scales was a long way ahead, and won easily. Three Rounds Display: Between Mr. Housego, a member of Lord Brassey's Imperial Yeomanry, and Bill Chester.—A very fine exhibition of the art of self-defence. Ten Rounds Contest: Peter Brown beat Fred McKensie.—A very hard-hitting bout. Brown has gained a record this season at Woolwich, hitting many telling blows, but his opponent, game, stuck, and, though beat, went on to the end of the second round. In the third, despite Brown's hard hitting, McKensie scored the faster. In the fifth round Brown sent his rival out of the ring, but McKensie went on for half a minute, when the bout was stopped, though he wished to continue, and the verdict given to Brown. Six Rounds Contest: Tom Hackett beat Bert Bolton.—Two tall young fellows, neither stopping to avoid any blows, give-and-take being the order. Hit they did, for all they were worth, and at the end Hackett won. Four Rounds Exhibition; Ginger Osborne and Tom Broderick.—A boxing match in the catch-as-catch-can style, the Yankee's antics making the audience laugh, "Get back," cried Ginger, "and don't hold." Six Rounds Contest: Nat Keyser beat George Kelsey.—Keyser did all the work, scoring fast, but they were told to box, and the pace improved, both hitting hard and often, and in the third round Keyser won. Final of the 10st 4lb Competition.—Six Rounds: Jack Goodwin beat Joe Read.—As soon as they stood up, Goodwin set to work, and after Read had gone down four times the bout was stopped. Final 9st Competition.—Six Rounds: Bert Adams and Tom Andy.—Andy had been beat in the first heat, but as Sharper had hurt his hand his opponent was allowed to continue in his place. Adams took the lead during the first two rounds, and caused excitement to run high, and after as fine a bout as anyone could see, another round was ordered. In this both scored alike, and the referee declared it a draw. They both agreed to contest six rounds for the massive cup next Saturday, and Mr. Sam Jacobs promised the loser £1 and Harry Wright the winner £1 10s., and both were satisfied.

JOE GANS KNOCKS OUT JACK DALY.

(Special Report.)

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 4.—JOE Gans, of Baltimore, knocked out Jack Daly last Monday night in the fifth round at the Penn Art Club. In the opening round Daly started in with whirlwind tactics, and had the negro guessing. Two hard stomach punches brought a groan from him, and he kept his guard well down over that spot. Daly then changed his tactics and landed several head and rib blows that jolted Gans, who stood entirely on the defensive. In the second round Daly rushed the negro as soon as the gong sounded and landed a hard punch in the stomach that forced Gans up against the ropes and caused him to hang on. Daly, instead of going after him, allowed him to gain his wind. He landed another stomach blow as soon as they came together, but it did no harm. In the third round Gans mixed it up. It was give and take on the whirlwind order, both men seemingly intent on landing a knock-out blow. The pace in this round told on Daly. In the fourth Gans forced the fighting. He landed on Daly's head and followed with a body jab that caused the Westerner some uneasiness. Daly went back swinging wild with his right, and Gans, taking advantage of the opening, landed a hard jab on the jaw, which forced Daly up against the ropes. In the mix-up Daly showed signs of weariness. Another punch in the wind and a jab on the jaw sent him to his knees. The gong saved him. The fifth round opened with a rush by Daly, who recovered from his punishment very quickly. A jab on the nose and swing on his ribs, however, again put him in queer street. He pluckily went after his man, however, but was plainly weak and winded, depending on head rushes to save him until the gong ended. A right swing on the jaw sent him on his back, and he was too weak to rise.

GLOVE CONTESTS AT BRIGHTON.—At the Volunteer Drill Hall, Church Street, Brighton, early last week a variety and boxing entertainment, organised by Bill Barry (ex-champion sculler of England), took place. A capital programme of sport was arranged, the services of Ben Jordan, Jerry Driscoll, Dave Peters, the Brothers Pickard, Joe Steers (ex-amateur champion), and other boxers of note being secured. The company included John Toole, Joe Widger, Bob Leech, Tom Scroggins, Ike Sullivan, George Williams, John Field, John Peters, C. Stevens, H. Faulkner, Harry Weston, and Chalkey. An eight rounds contest between Dave Morbin (Walworth), and Jack Lewis (America) opened the proceedings, the former winning a well-contested bout. Another eight rounds contest between Harry Slough (Southwark) and A. Mortimer (Upton Park) resulted in a win for the Southwark lad; and Jerry Driscoll and Dave Peters, and the Brothers Pickard boxed well-contested rounds, to the delight of the company. Two local lads in Harry Searl (Kemp Town) and Harry Carter (Brighton) excited a deal of interest. The first-named contestant came off with flying colours, Searle in the last round bringing Carter down twice, the last time he failing to rise. Joe Steers (ex-amateur) and Mr. Wickers (Brighton), and Bert Armstrong and Bert Savage also boxed, and concluded a capital programme.

TO BOXING-BOOTH PROPRIETORS and Others.—A well-known London boxer and a lady boxer (the latter open to meet any female in England at 8st) are open for an engagement to give boxing exhibitions together to travel throughout the summer months. Letters addressed A. Neal, care of MIRROR OF LIFE, Fleet Street, will receive immediate attention.

ALBERT LITTLEFIELD WILL BOX Harry Williams (Hatcham) for the N.S.C. purse. Fred Delaney, of Woolwich, preferred.

TERRY McGOVERN'S MANAGER REFUSES TO LET HIM MEET BEN JORDAN.

WE HAVE RECEIVED the following cablegram from THE MIRROR OF LIFE representative in America:—

New York, April 14.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE, *London.*

Your representative met Sam Harris at the Gilsey House. After a long consultation Harris refused to allow Terry McGovern to sign the National Sporting Club articles for a contest with Ben Jordan.

MARTIN.

JEM JEFFRIES KNOCKS OUT JOHN FINNEGAN.

DETROIT, APRIL 6.—JEM JEFFRIES earned 1,200dols in 55sec at the Light Guard Armoury to-night, and 3,000 spectators saw and admired his work. John Finnegan, a reputed prizefighter, weighing 180lb, who lives at Pittsburg, had the temerity to face the champion. He was knocked down four times in less than one minute. The first blow was a left-hander, and it found his jaw. He went down like a log. The second assault was in the shape of three quick, catapultic thumps that landed on his neck. The third one sent him down.

The fourth in the series of knockdowns resulted from the impact of a swing on the jaw. It staggered the Pittsburg pretender, but he got to his feet. He crouched low down. His knees appeared to knock together. He stared wildly about until his eye met that of the gladiator opposed to him. He ducked from an imaginary blow, and when he straightened up it was from a left hand uppercut in the stomach. Jeffries then pushed him over to the mat, and there he writhed while Referee Siler counted him out, and a police officer waved his hand to stop the fight. It was ended, for Finnegan could not get up. He was carried to his corner limp and groaning. One of his handlers reproached him for not making a better showing.

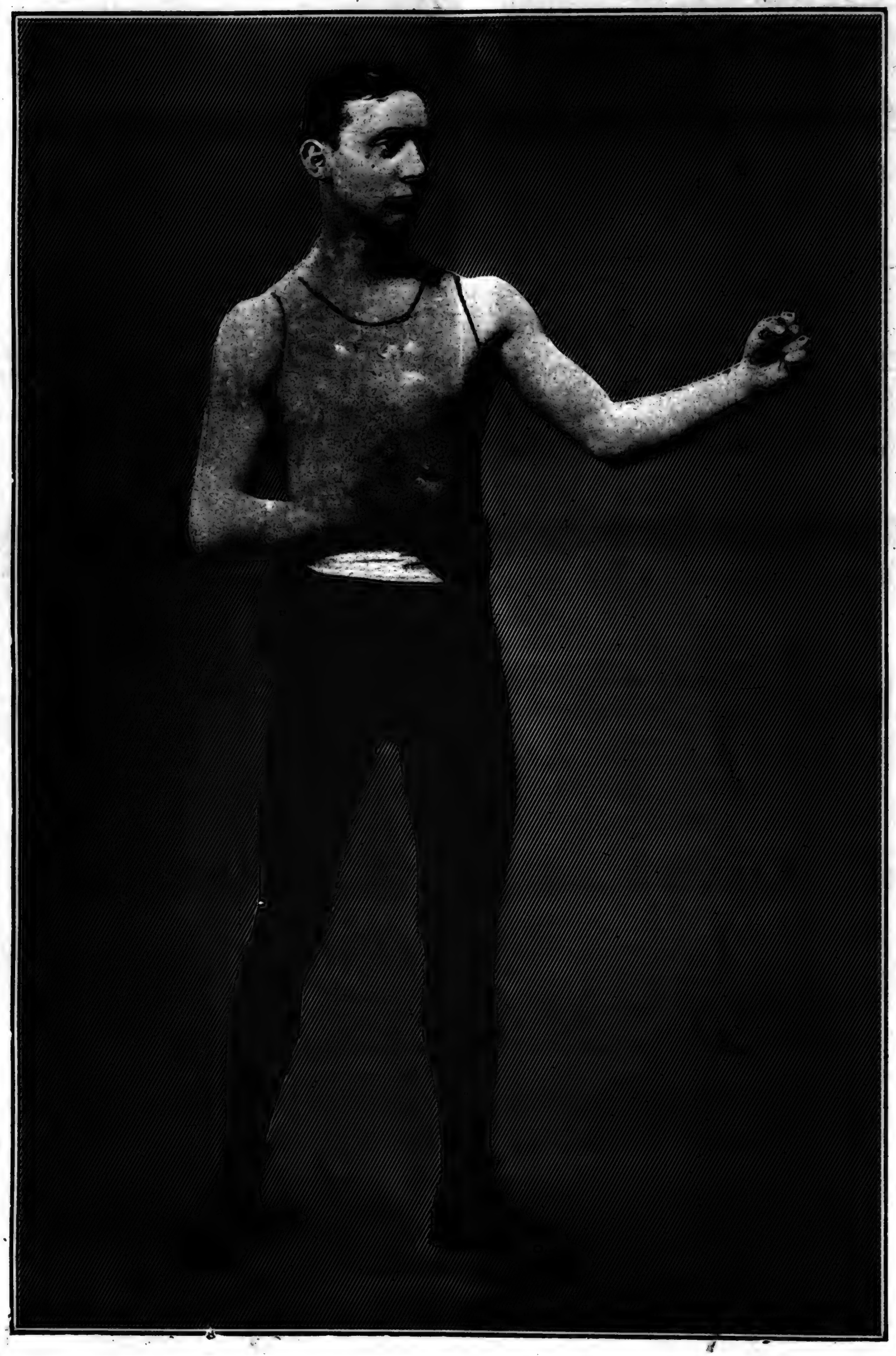
"You ought to have stayed longer," urged his second.

"I stayed as long as any man could after getting that jolt in the stomach," was his answer.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWcastle.—In Newcastle, at Eastertide, there are many entertainments provided for the denizens of Tyneside, and they are as varied as they are numerous. But none of the shows or attractions with which we are besieged detracted from the attendance of spectators at the Hexham House Saloon, for the place was literally packed, and it was nearly a case of some humourist cracking the old wheeze thrown to the 'bus conductor, to "take another in and burst," when he cried, "Full up." There is a simple reason for these increasingly large attendances at the Hexham House Saloon, for the reputation of Mr. James Lowes as a genuine caterer in the boxing line has become of world-wide renown, and patrons of the noble art have discovered that at the Forth Place Hall they can always rely upon obtaining value for their money. If not so extensive as on the preceding Saturday the entertainment which Jimmy put forth was of the most interesting description, and most satisfactory from a spectators' point of view. The proceedings opened with a Three Rounds Contest between J. Johnson and W. Brown, who pleased immensely with their display, for they gave an exhibition of a most entertaining character. So well did "Darky" Carpenter and J. Nealy of Stockton perform during the time they were in the ring, and the manner in which they delighted the onlookers, that Mr. Lowes has decided to give them a purse to box eight rounds for on Saturday evening next. A most scientific exposition of boxing was given by those clever youths Peter Todd and J. Bell, who, as we may say, fairly brought down the house by their display. To wind up the first portion of the proceedings, J. Sharp boxed three excellent rounds with Peter Walsh, of Sunderland. The "fight" of the evening was a ten rounds contest between Spike Johnson and R. Wilson, between whom there had long been differences of opinion in different cliques as to who was best. There was great excitement and interest evinced in the meeting of the pair, and they proved to be both clever and game in the extreme, but in the third round Wilson succeeded in getting on the point, and earned the verdict over a very brave opponent. C. Watts and A. Wood seconded the winner, and Spider Carr and R. O. Neill the loser. Sam Francis was referee and J. Tait timekeeper.

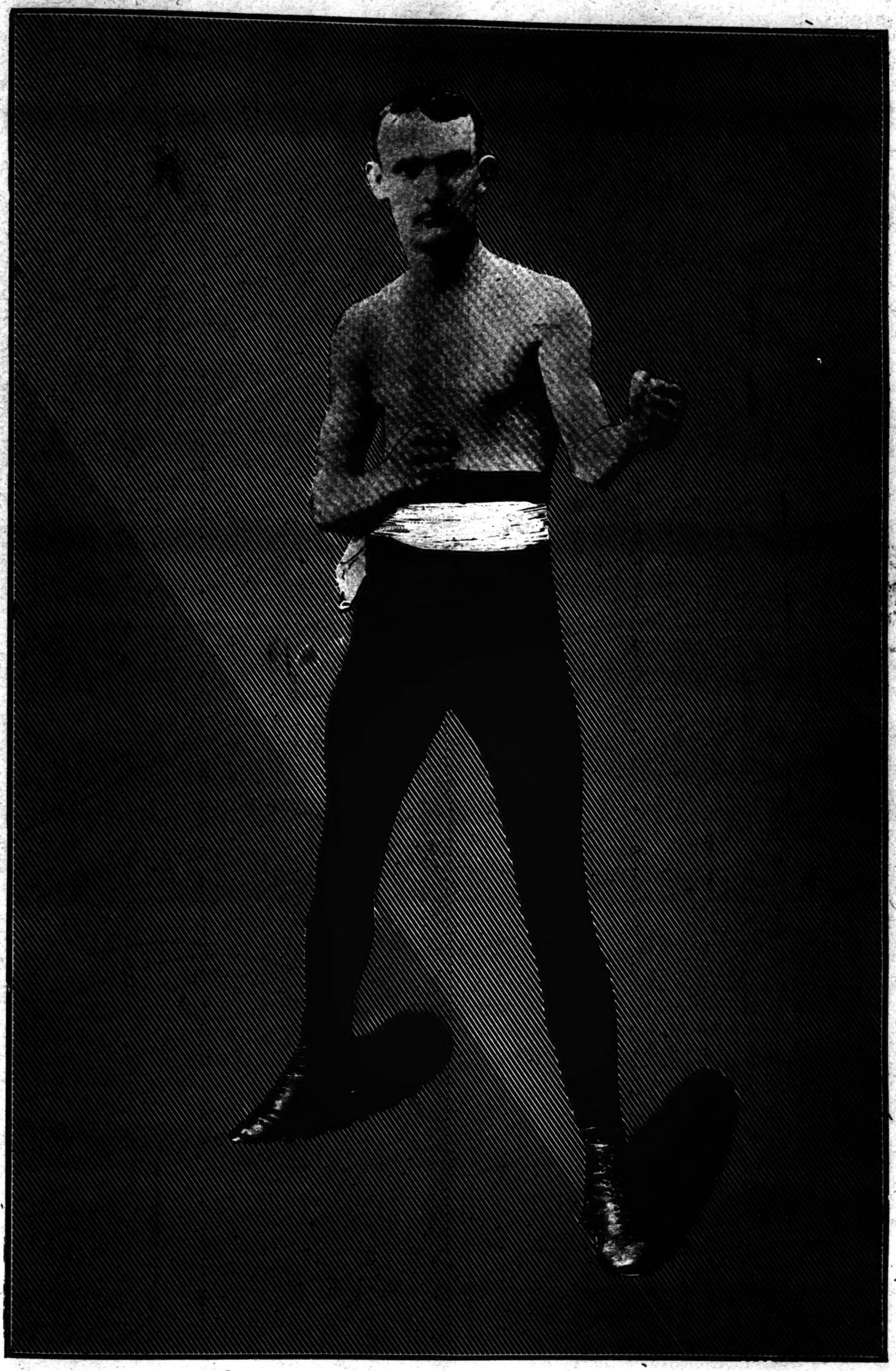
IKE MOSS, OF MILE END, AND Jim Bannister, of Hackney, are matched to box ten two minute rounds at 7st 2lb for Pedlar Palmer's purse on April 28.

(*Continued on page* 14.)



JABEZ WHITE,

Of Birmingham, who Met Will Curley, of Newcastle, in a Twenty Rounds Contest at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, on Thursday Evening, April 12.



WILL CURLEY,

Of Newcastle, who Met Jabez White, of Birmingham, in a Twenty Rounds Contest at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, on Thursday Evening, April 12.

(Continued from Page 11.)

A SIDELIGHT OF PUGILISM.

A JEWISH VETERAN DURING PASSOVER.

PETTICOAT LANE AND PASSOVER is a sight for the Christian. Here Gentile and Jew intermingle; but with some Jews religion is at a discount and old clothes at a premium. The cockney at Eastertide trudges down the "lane" to rig himself out for the first great holiday of the year, and there he buys the "nobleman's cast-off," which the vendor assures him is "pettersh than new." Now the "Frume" Jew would rather let the Christian go hang than do any business during Pysoch; but the Jew who is a Jew only in appearance and name was busy with new clothes and old, rigging out the Gentile for his Easter holiday, first displaying the clothes on their own persons and asking the Gentile crowd to note how the clothes look on a Jew. Ben Harris, the great M.C., and Joe Burchell, also pugilistic M.C., are to be seen at their best on these Sunday mornings disposing down east of clothes once worn by the fashionable west. While strolling through this avenue of moteers, fried fish, olives, pickled cucumbers, herrings, and old clothes, we were hailed by a gentleman sitting at his door (private door) with the shutters of his shop closed, and we found that we were inadvertently passing the warehouse of our friend of the long ago, Harry Savage, otherwise Levy. Harry Savage, to give him the name by which he was known for fifty years as ring caterer, was sitting at his door taking his ease, and on this day of days allowing trade to pass on and keeping his Passover. Harry had just been sent a very handsome silver cigar case, in which was set a miniature watch in good going order, from the Transvaal.

"Open it," said Harry, and we did so, and from the interior selected a very fine Havannah which we sampled. Naturally Harry wished us to wet the cigar, and adjourning upstairs to his sanctum sanctorum we, after four years, again made the acquaintance of Harry's life partner and daughter. We well remember the daughter, for on one occasion Harry's father, a gay old spark of 104 years of age, would insist upon our going with him to drink whiskey at Joe Aaron's, the son of Barney and brother to Barney Aaron, jun., who keeps a boozer next door. Missing her charge, the granddaughter searched every likely place for the old centurion, at last she rushed into Joe's.

"Oh, there you are, you wicked old man," she exclaimed, "giving me all this trouble and drinking again."

"Well, my dear," exclaimed the youth of 104 years (it was barely 11 a.m.), "this is only the third drop of whiskey I have had this morning."

And yet you find persons who will say that Petticoat Lane is unhealthy. Savage's father was the link which connected Dan Mendoza, who fought Humphries over a hundred years ago, with the present, old Savage, being a pal of the great little champion. Before the old man died his portrait appeared in the earlier numbers of THE MIRROR OF LIFE. "There is the chair in which the old gentleman died," cried Harry Savage, pointing to the vacant chair, which was the seat of honour in the room. Harry was as proud of his father as a dog with two tails; and whenever a visitor of any distinction passed the door it was invariably, "Come up and see father." Harry is a dealer, and the ruling passion strongly asserts itself in his deals. Many an old coloured engraving has Savage shown us which he has picked up for a mere song, but for which when Harry has obtained it good money has been offered and refused. Harry Savage's brother, rejoicing in the name of "Ugly Coobidy," used to retail white satin (gin) to the frequenters of the ringside, while Harry, in company with his next door neighbour in the "Lane," Joe Aaron, used to take down the prog when fights were not as now over in one round, but, as in the case of Mike Madden and Jack Grant, used to last for as many as six hours. A rather tough story is related of Joe Aaron and Harry Savage at a memorable fight. The pards had sold out all their comestibles with the exception of a fowl and a loaf, and like hungry wolves the two partners sat down to attack the hen and the pannum. As the pair were about to spoil the beauty of the hen a hungry swell came along.

"I'll give you a sov for the fowl and bread," exclaimed the Corinthian.

The hungry pards conferred together; a sov was a tempting offer for a fowl and bread, and were they not of the money-making race? Hungry as they were they could not resist the chance of making a bit.

"Thirty bob," said the pair, "not a stiver less."

And this the hungry Corinthian paid. Harry Savage is seventy-six years of age, and strange to say looks like a young man. His hair is coal black, and he has not developed the slightest sign of corpulency. He often goes to Birmingham and visits Jem Mace, whom the Jews one and all believe to be the cleverest two-handed fighter who ever entered the ring, Harry thinking that had Sayers and Mace met Mace would have cut the redoubtable Tom into ribbons. Old Joe Rowe and Jack Hicks are frequent callers at Harry Savage's show down the Lane. The prize ring caterer having seen Jack Hicks twice defeated by Joe Nolan, and seen Joe Rowes fight with Harry Broome, Champion of England (and Harry avers that Joe Rowe should have won had not Tom Spring, who was referee on the occasion, thrown up his office, annoyed at the truculence of the Broome faction). Savage could write a book, entitled, "Pugilism Sixty Years Ago, and Men I Have Known," and more than this, he might write "Tales of my Father," extending over one hundred years. Savage is the champion Jewish fishmonger. Besides being a dealer in curios Harry is a dealer in fish. Every Friday he sells outside his door the best fish that the seas can produce, for he buys and sells at a big price the pick of Billingsgate Market. On Good Friday Harry made a record. At seventy-six years of age, only helped by a lad, he cleaned and sold fifty pounds (£50) worth of fish in five hours—(Read this, ye young haddock-splitters)—not forgetting to retain some tasty middle pieces for himself and his friends, fried as only Mrs. Savage knows how.

MANCHESTER GYMNASTIC CLUB.

ALTHOUGH AN EXCELLENT PROgramme had been arranged for Monday evening at this club there was only a poor attendance. The chief attraction was a twenty rounds bout between Dave Wallace of London, and Harry Tongue, of Birmingham, who had signed articles to box twenty rounds at 9st 6lb for £140. In addition, Johnny Hughes, of Birmingham, was down to meet the local champion (W. Pennington) at 7st 9lb for a purse given by the club. Unfortunately Pennington, owing to the death of a near relative, was unable to turn up, and his place was taken by Joe Williams, of Rotherham, the 6st 10lb champion. Although out of condition, Williams who was giving fully 7lb away, won easily. Details:

Williams beat Hughes.—Williams was much the shorter, but in the opening exchanges he had none the worst of it, and easily floored the Birmingham man with a left hook. Hughes quickly rose and rushed to close quarters, with the result that Williams brought the right across and knocked the young Brummagem out. It was a clear knock-out, and Hughes was counted out after the pair had been boxing less than two minutes. A long interval followed until Wallace and Tongue took the ring. The first-named was seconded by P. Daley, A. Callan, and P. McCarthy, whilst Tongue was attended by T. Green, J. Hughes, and B. Dawson. The first round was in favour of Wallace, who used his left to great advantage. In the second round Tongue boxed gallantly, and quite held his own. In the third round Wallace was the aggressor, but Tongue was very clever, and in a heavy close-quarter bout matters ended up evenly. In the fourth round neither man had much to spare, for both went in for slogging, and in the succeeding bout Tongue was floored. He quickly recovered, and in turn Wallace went to the boards. Matters were very even, and half-way through the sixth round Tongue went down to a half-arm hit. He was obviously in distress, and failing to rise within the stipulated time was counted out. Wallace thus won after a most unsatisfactory contest.

THE GLENGALL GYMNASIUM.—Not many people patronised the Glengall Gmynasium on Monday night, but a very interesting programme was presented to those who did pay the price of admission. There were two contests on the list, and both were full of interesting features. The first was a twelve rounds meeting between two little fellows, who weighed between 6st and 7st. Charley Morris overtopped his adversary, Bill Fowler, by many inches. He did not avail himself of his extra altitude. The principal event was for a £10 stake, between two tradesmen, Regan and Roberts. Ted Rich was installed as referee and timekeeper, and never did a watch-holder act more sensibly. He did not contribute to the ennui which might have been engendered by the boxers, who did quite enough work for their hire. Details:—Ten Rounds Contest: Charley Morris (Lambeth) beat Bill Fowler (Kennington).—The Kennington representative, although much shorter than his rival, started the forcing process. He landed light left-handed flapping hits on the chest and chin. Morris kept putting out his left hand, and he generally found a resting-place on Fowler's frontispiece. Towards the end of the contest Morris changed his tactics and stabbed Fowler in the stomach hard with his left hand. The two judges gave Morris the verdict. It was a very close thing, however. Six Rounds Contest: "Pongo" Davenport (Bermondsey) beat Ginger Barrett (Bermondsey).—This was another pair of midgets. "Pongo" started to cut out the pace, but he ran up against some heavy body blows. "Pongo" got his own back in the second round by the aid of some very hard face and body blows. He held the lead until the fourth round, when "Ginger" woke up, and by the aid of some straight left-handers more than held his own. "Pongo" did the most leading in the last round, and he got the verdict. The bout was another close one. Twenty Rounds Contest for £10: Fred Roberts (Westminster) beat Jack Regan (Borough).—In the first round the boxers stood up toe to toe, and exchanged blows at the head and face with both hands. Roberts landed one swinging right on the jaw, which shook Regan up very much. Roberts had the best of the scoring in the second round. He shot out his left home very straight and hard. He almost had Regan out in the third round, two or three swinging right-handers doing the damage. Regan recuperated wonderfully between the third and fourth rounds. He had Roberts in trouble during the last-named passage of blows. Regan had much the best of this round. The fifth round was a very fine one, both men going weak alternately. Some one in Regan's corner called 'Time," and saved their man. He was all but beaten when the real timekeeper gave the combatants their minute's rest. During the interval between the sixth and seventh round, Regan signified his willingness to quit the business, thereupon Roberts was declared the winner. The winner's seconds were Ted Rich, Jem Exall, and Bill Fielder. Regan's seconds were Bill Baker, Harry Ruddy, and Dan Goalty. Mr. Williams was the timekeeper, and Jem Wheeler was the referee.

WILL CURLEY,

Of Newcastle, who Met Jabez White, of Birmingham, in a Twenty Rounds Contest at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, on Thursday Evening, April 12.

(With Portrait.)

WILLIAM CURLEY was born in 1876. He has defeated W. Kirton in 5rds; T. Kelly, 2rds; L. Curtis, 6rds; Tom Sexton, 6rds; beat Bill Sparrow twice; draw with T. Murphy, 8rds; beat Fred Sullivan twice; beat E. Francis, 1rd; beat Ike Cohen, 4rds; beat S. Rein, 6rds; beat J. J. Garrity, 8rds; beat Joe Farrell, 9rds; beaten by C. Beadling, 20rds; beat Ted Daley, 3rds; beat Tom Turner, 20rds; beat Patsy Haley, 20rds; knocked out Australian Billy Murphy, 8rds; beaten by George Dixon, 25rds; beat Nat Smith, 20rds; met Jabez White at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, April 12, and knocked him out in one round.

JABEZ WHITE,

Of Birmingham, who Met Will Curley, of Newcastle, in a Twenty Rounds Contest at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, on Thursday Evening, April 12.

(With Portrait.)

JABEZ WHITE was born on October 20, 1877; his height is 5ft 6in. In a 6st 12lb competition he was beaten by Ted Beach in the final. In a 7st 2lb competition he was beaten by Sid Scales; beaten by Charley Simpson, 10rds; won the Olympic Club's 8st 6lb competition, beating Charley Simpson in the final; beat Charley Simpson, 6rds; beat Harvey Checketts, 8rds; beat George Corfield, 5rds; knocked out Dick Higgins, 4rds; beat Mike Sears, 12rds; knocked out Dave Wallace, 8rds; knocked out Harry Greenfield, 8rds; met Will Curley, at Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, April 12, and was knocked out in one round.

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ADVT.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE, CROUCH End, "Alice in Wonderland" is being played by day and "The Geisha" by night.

RITCHIE, THE ORIGINAL TRAMP cyclist (the rest are imitators), is making a tremendous hit at the Stratford Empire.

BONNIE BILLIE BARLOW IS MOST cordially received at the Royal, and her songs are capitally treated.

MR. E. S. BARNES HAS A MAMmoth programme at the London (Shoreditch), numbering something like two dozen turns, and not a bad egg in the basket.

AT THE QUEEN'S MISS JULIE Mackey tops an enormous bill, the programme is most pleasantly varied, and, as a matter of course, numbers a first-rate sketch. Some capital war pictures are here being shown, and the variety portion of the bill is exceedingly strong.

AT THE HOLLOWAY EMPIRE packed houses are the rule this week, due to the fine array of talent engaged by the astute manager, Mr. Vernon H. Ryde. Miss Marie Loftus, who tops the bill, comes in for a magnificent reception, and is the red-letter feature of the programme. The Vezzeys and their singing dogs, Geo. D'Albert, Cora Caselli, the Picchiani Troupe of Female Acrobats, Ryan and Hall, and some first-rate animated pictures are some of the tit-bits in an enormous programme, which is given twice nightly.

THE LONDON PAVILION OFFERS one of the most varied and interesting programmes in London, and it is no wonder that this popular hall is crowded nightly. Dan Leno heads a merry crowd of clever people numbering over two dozen turns, and every one good. A visit to this hall will be an evening well spent.

CHIRGWIN IS ALWAYS A BIG turn. The programme at the Oxford numbers a long list of star artists, including Dan Leno, Miss Lil Hawthorne, Miss Bessie Wentworth, Sisters Levey, G. W. Hunter, Leo Stormont, Bransby Williams, Arthur Reece, &c. The white-eyed one holds his own splendidly, and is called again and again.

COLLINS'S IS THE HALL TO CATCH Harry Randall at his best. His turn is one of the events of the evening. Geo. Robey wins his accustomed success with a couple of very funny songs. Dainty Miss Alice Lloyd, Pat Rafferty, the M'Naughtons, and a long list of stars are on the programme, and Mr. E. S. Barnes and his valuable support, Mr. Digby Roberts, are nightly coping with crowded houses.

THE PALACE THEATRE PROgramme maintains its popularity. Miss Marie Dainton continues to mimic the singing and dancing of well-known people with her accustomed skill. Burns and Evans please with their quaint doings. Miss Lillie Williams is fitted with a couple of excellent songs in "There's a Land," and "By Order of the Queen" (which is set to the familiar tune of "The Wearing o' the Green). La Sylphe, a pretty young lady whose dancing is an eye-opener, Mildare, the clever bird imitator, and the biograph, with a host of new pictures, are some of the items in a programme stocked with good things.

THE ALHAMBRA MANAGEMENT have been fortunate in securing a new and novel performance for their Easter Holiday programme. Chung Ling Soo is a Chinese magician, who is assisted by his son and a Chinese maid in a most astonishing and mystifying exhibition of legerdemain. Probably Chung's most remarkable feat is catching live gold fish on the end of a line in mid-air and producing from a shawl a large three-gallon bowl of water with ducks swimming in it. Chung has a very lengthy repertoire which should interest London audiences for some time to come. The Bouhair troupe of acrobats and Fred Russell are also paying a return visit, and several important alterations have been made in the popular military display, "Soldiers of the Queen." Mr. Dundas Slater is, as usual, quite up to date with the programme here.

DAVE.

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Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
Two to five bottles will stop premature decay, and fully restore physical manhood when shattered or lost by youthful indiscretions.
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